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"Money Makes the Mare Go"

and the Chinese Revolution too. Where did the Cantonese get the cash for their civil war? Adachi Kinnosuke tells the story of their methods in next week's issue of The Outlook.

Published weekly by The Outlook Company, 120 East 16th Street, New York. Copyright, 1927, by The Outlook Company. By subscription $5.00 a year for the United States and Canada. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the postal Union, $6.56.

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THE OUTLOOK, March 30, 1927. Volume 145, Number 13. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Entered as second-class matter, July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and December 1, 1926, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The Outlook

Volume 145 March 30, 1927 Number 13

The Rush to Weepah

A BARBER in the barber-shop of a San Francisco hotel the other day asked the Californian who was having his hair cut:

"Are you going to Weepah?"

"Why, no," was the reply. "I haven't thought of it."

"Well," came the barber's rejoinder, "I may be there in a few days from now. My roommate left on a special train this morning. If he wires me that it is O. K., I expect I shall load up a couple of barber chairs on a truck and set off this week-end."

"Then you are not going prospecting."

"Oh, yes, we will go around and see what we can pick up; but the barbering is the main thing. You see, these fellows work all day, and our work will be mostly at night. So we will have a good part of the day to look around. And they pay, these fellows, too. You just leave a plate in the middle of the room, and they will chuck in a chunk of ore for a shave or a hair-cut; and, oh, boy, you clean up good money!"

"Pretty cold up there?"

"Oh, yes, cold enough; but that will soon be over. The great trouble is that there is no water."

What the barber said was the great trouble the Indians had discovered long ago. Weepah, their name for it, means "no water;" for there was no water hundreds of years ago when the nomad Indians passed that way, and there is no water there to-day.

Nevertheless, as our Pacific coast correspondent writes, in San Francisco the people are in the midst of an old-time gold rush. Wherever two or three are seen talking together, it is pretty certain that Weepah, Nevada, is the subject of the conversation. On the floor of the San Francisco Mining Exchange men are roaring from the floor, roaring from the galleries. Thousands of shares are changing hands—the Little Bends, the Black Hills, the Gold Picks, the Treasure Troves, the Giant Reefs, the Climaxes, well-nigh inanimate for years, suddenly bursting into new and vigorous life. At the height of excitement an old-time miner straight from Weepah carries around for inspection hunks of ore flashing glints of gold. Men who have followed a burro across miles and miles of desert have gazed on the riot on the floor of the Exchange with undemonstrative eyes. They are still ready for action, but they are not going to be fooled.

Meanwhile stories from Weepah come in thick and fast. Now a theater is going up; now a New York promoter promises to take out a "revue" with a twenty-two-piece orchestra if accommodations can be provided. A blizzard sweeps over the tent city, but the "mayor" promises it will be set up again by midday.

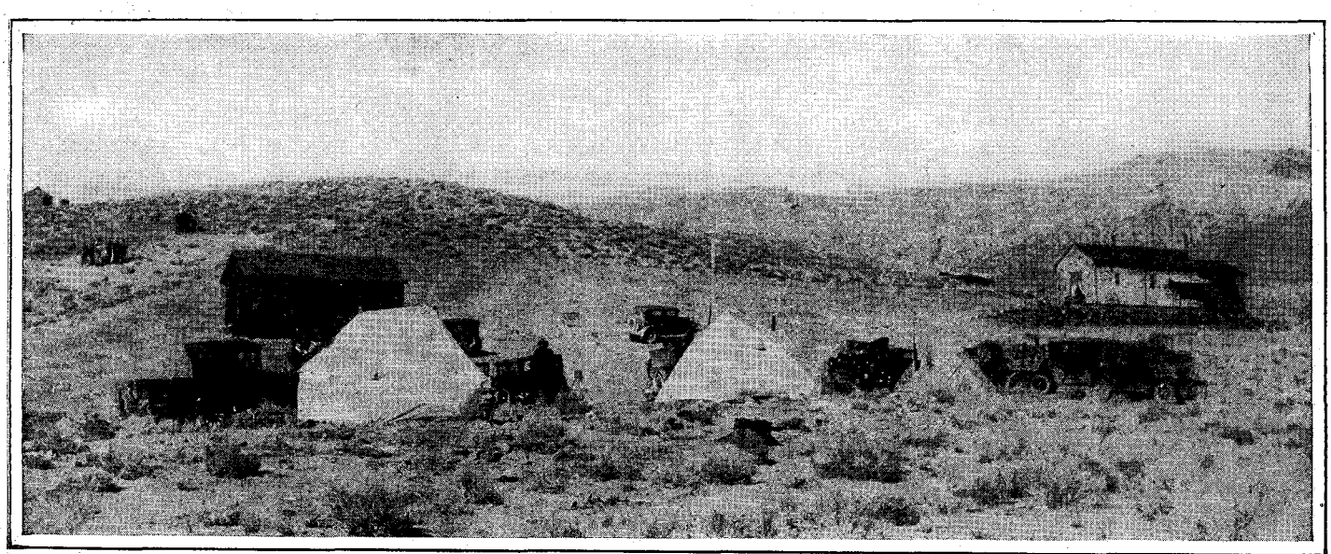
Will the barber go and make his fortune?

A Diplomat Returns to the Navy

REAR-ADMIRAL MARK L. BRISTOL will, within a few months, terminate his duties as American High Commissioner to Turkey. He has been in charge of American interests at Constantinople since January, 1919, at first simply by virtue of his command of the American naval detachment in the eastern Mediterranean, but since August, 1919, with his present diplomatic title. Admiral Bristol is to return to naval service in the high position of Commander of the Asiatic Fleet, an assignment which carries with it the command rank of full admiral.

Admiral Bristol's diplomatic mission to Constantinople was his first departure from line and staff duties in the Navy except for membership on the International Armistice Commission in Belgium in November, 1918. But his forthright grasp of the Turkish situation, his ability to steer a clear course for America in the midst of international intrigue at Constantinople in the early months of the peace and of rising Turkish nationalist assertions later, and his wise use of the American naval forces in the Near East in emergency relief work since the war make his eight years in Turkey stand out as a diplomatic achievement of a high order.

He was one of the American delegates to the Lausanne Conference, where the American treaty with Turkey was made. It is largely due to his timely and respected influence at Angora that the United States Senate's rejection of the treaty was received with moderation in Turkey and that the temporary agreement between the two countries was extended. The intimated meaning of the



International

Part of the mining camp at Weepah, Nevada. The automobile has replaced the prospector's burro

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announcement of Admiral Bristol's transfer back to the naval service is that an American Ambassador will be appointed to Turkey even before treaty relations are resumed.

A Unique Misdemeanor

BECAUSE of his refusal to answer questions concerning the Teapot Dome Naval oil lease, Harry F. Sinclair has been convicted, by a jury in the criminal division of a District of Columbia court, of contempt of the United States Senate. The punishment is fine and imprisonment for not more than a year. Unlike the punishment for most misdemeanors, the fine may not be assessed without imposition of the prison sentence. Appeal lies, however, to the higher District of Columbia court, and finally to the Supreme Court of the United States.

At this juncture, while appeal is pending, it is pertinent to clear up a confusion which has existed in the public mind at the spectacle of a contempt case being tried by a jury in a criminal court. Contempt is ordinarily punished summarily by the judge. But in this kind of case, and in this kind of case alone, contempt is the name given to a specific statutory offense.

There is a Federal statute which provides that one who improperly refuses to testify before either house of Congress or of its committee is guilty of a misdemeanor, defined as contempt. It becomes, under the statute, the duty of the United States District Attorney for the District of Columbia to present the facts to a grand jury and, upon indictment, to bring the accused to trial. The offense being a misdemeanor, the accused has the right to demand trial by jury, which Mr. Sinclair did.

The offense is one which can be committed only in the District of Columbia, and which therefore can only be tried there.

Sapiro and Ford

RARELY has there been a lawsuit in which both plaintiff and defendant were so widely known as are plaintiff and defendant in the Sapiro-Ford libel suit, on trial in Detroit. Henry Ford, as manufacturer of the world's most widely used automobile, as probably the world's richest man, as advocate of certain advanced views with regard to labor and other things, is known to practically every intelligent American. Aaron Sapiro is known to millions as author and champion of the Sapiro plan for the co-operative marketing of farm products; three-quarters of a million men were once members of the co-operatives formed by him.

The Dearborn "Independent," a weekly publication owned by Henry Ford, printed a series of articles concerning Sapiro's work. In these articles it was charged, according to the allegations, that Sapiro was the agent of a band of "International Jews" bent upon control of American agriculture.

Mr. Sapiro, two years ago, filed suit against Mr. Ford, seeking damages in the sum of a million dollars. He sought vindication, it was announced, not for himself alone, but for the Jewish race.

The Court has ruled that Mr. Sapiro may not seek vindication of the Jews as a race or of any one except himself. It is an interesting fact that a distinguished Jewish rabbi, speaking to his congregation, recently took the same position—that Mr. Sapiro in court must stand alone, not upon the reputation of his race. Another rabbi, equally distinguished, lauded Mr. Sapiro for seeking vindication of the Jewish character.

So far as the court trial is concerned, the question is narrowed to that of whether or not Henry Ford did damage Aaron Sapiro by printing libelous statements concerning him. The defense is asserting and undertaking to prove that the statements as to Mr. Sapiro were true. But it is bringing testimony apparently tending to show, further, that Henry Ford does not actually direct the Dearborn "Independent," and that he knew nothing about the Sapiro articles or even about Sapiro.

As to whether or not Mr. Sapiro was damaged by the articles to the extent of a million dollars, or to any extent, the position taken by the two sides affords an interesting study. Mr. Sapiro is put in the position of magnifying and Mr. Ford of minimizing the influence of the Dearborn "Independent."

In the preliminary statement of the case it has been said that of the sixty or more Sapiro co-operative organizations only about thirty are now in existence. That the "Independent" articles are responsible for this shrinkage, the plaintiff apparently asserts and the defendant apparently denies.

Statutory Segregation Illegal

THE Supreme Court of the United States has invalidated another race segregation law, that of Louisiana, and an ordinance of the city of New Orleans drawn in conformity with the provisions of the State law. The law and the ordinance undertook to prohibit a white man from establishing a residence in a preponderantly Negro neighborhood unless he should first secure the consent in writing of a majority of the opposite race. The same prohibition applied to a Negro who might wish to establish a residence in a white neighborhood.

The opinion of the Court, written by Chief Justice Taft, held the law unconstitutional on the authority of the Louisville, Kentucky, segregation case, decided in 1917. In the earlier case the opinion, written by Justice Day, held that thus to abridge the right of a man to live in a particular neighborhood was, in effect, to abridge the right of a white man to sell property to a Negro or of a Negro to sell property to a white man, and therefore to deny the right of contract.

Segregation of the races by law must, it appears, be abandoned. It should be. It does not follow that segregation of the races must be abandoned or that it should be. In some places both races benefit by living separately. In many places the better elements of both races thoroughly recognize that fact. But it is a social rather than a political problem, and is to be solved by other than statutory means.

To Make Football a Sport

FOLLOWING hard upon the changes in football rules have come proposals from the President of Dartmouth College, Dr. Ernest Martin Hopkins, for the further transformation of the game. His purpose is not to make any change in its rules, but to improve its spirit and to remove abuses that have grown up about it. Three months ago we reported the agreement that had been virtually reached between three Connecticut schools to make the game less of a show for the spectators and more of a sport for the participants. Dr. Hopkins's proposals have an object similar to that of this interscholastic agreement.

Dr. Hopkins's proposals, as stated in his own words, are:

> First: That eligibility for participation in intercollegiate football on varsity teams be limited to men in their sophomore and junior years in college.
>
> Second: That intercollegiate football contests in the major games of the schedule be arranged on a reciprocal basis, by which each college should develop from the varsity squad two major teams, one of which should play at home and the other of which should play on the rival's home grounds.
>
> Third: That all coaching be done by undergraduates, presumably by seniors who had acquired knowledge and experience during their participation in intercollegiate athletics previously.

Adoption of Dr. Hopkins's proposals would automatically make football games no longer contests between rival coaches. The gridiron would be no

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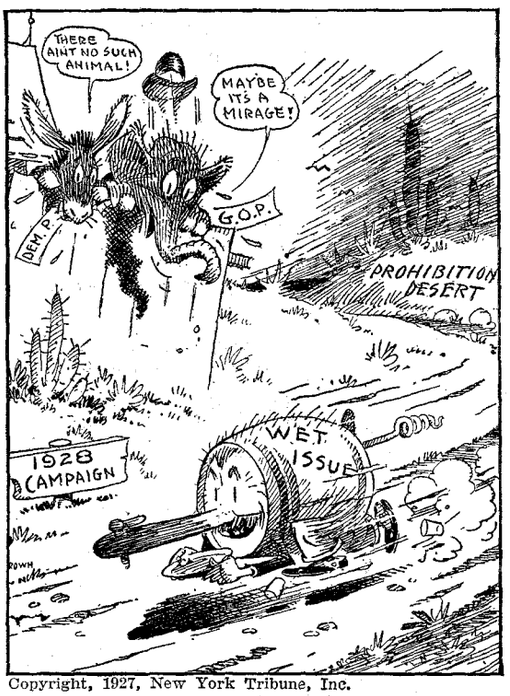
To what issue will this come ?

(Hamlet, Act I, Scene 4)

Brown in the New York Herald Tribune



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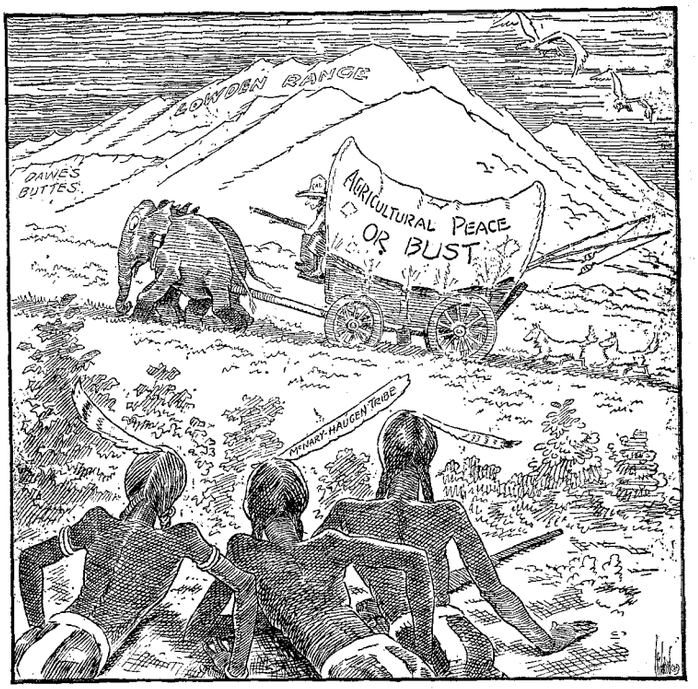
That product of desert evolution

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Ireland in the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch



The Coolidges will go West for their vacation

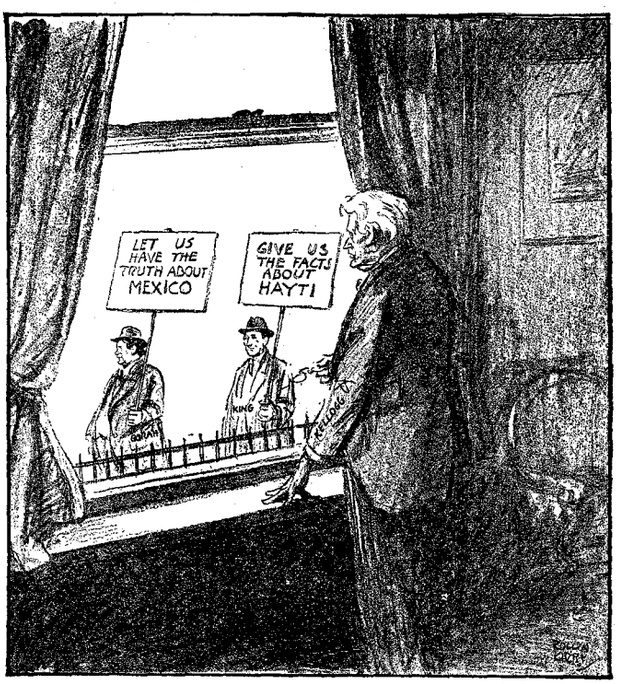
From C. W. Hall, Akron, Ohio

Gale in the Los Angeles Sunday Times

Our beat !

From John H. Kelman, Ontario, Cal.

Kirby in the New York World



" Why can't they take my word for it ?"

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longer a chess-board on which living pieces are moved by professional masters of the game. The changes would largely destroy football as a big feature of the newspaper sporting pages, and thus would reduce the swollen reputations which exceptional students get from a few weeks on the gridiron. They would enlarge the numbers of those who play in really important games and at the same time reduce the importance of those games which are now unwholesomely emphasized. They would, as Dr. Hopkins says, "tend to make football more largely a sport and less an ordeal."

Of course, football coaches can hardly be expected to hail these proposals with glee. Alumni who look forward to football games as spectacles staged for their special benefit cannot be expected to regard these suggestions as likely to add to the joy of life. But the opinion of undergraduates, for whom undergraduate games might perhaps reasonably be supposed to exist, has been moving in the direction of Dr. Hopkins's position.

This Great Government Weathers the Storm!

"Los' money is los', and no mo' to it." And against that easily comprehensible argument not the responsibility of the United States Government, not the fact that the morning's papers had told that the year's income tax would make a half-billion-dollar surplus in the Treasury, not the calm representations of so eminent an official as the postmaster of West Palm Beach, Florida, could reassure a day-long line of several thousand of his Negro patrons who were drawing out their postal savings as fast as the postal clerks could accommodate them.

Six banks in Palm Beach County had closed; the fact got about that the Government was depositing postal savings receipts with other Palm Beach banks. Where six banks had failed, why couldn't others—and if the banks with postal deposits in them failed, then where would the hard-saved funds of the postal savers be? The West Palm Beach Negro community didn't quite know.

Of the $960,000 of postal savings deposits in West Palm Beach, $25,000 was paid out in the day of the run on the post office. Nevertheless the Government continued to function!

For the Answer Turn to 1930

Mrs. Hall and her fellow-defendants in the notorious Hall-Mills murder trial, which occupied so large a space in the public prints last fall, have entered suit for large damages against the New York "Mirror," a journal which was especially active prior to and during the trial which resulted in the complete acquittal of the defendants. Owing to the clogged condition of the court calendar of New Jersey, the suit, it is said, cannot be brought to trial within two years. That trial, when it comes, will have a bearing upon two important questions: (1) Can justice be secured under a system which admits such delay in the determination of facts? (2) How far can a newspaper go in suggesting the guilt of those charged with crime, and what are the limits to comment upon a case under adjudication?

The Outlook is not going to depart from what it regards as the proper course of a journal under such circumstances by making any prognostications as to the outcome of this trial.

Cities and Fire Waste

It is just possible that some have not heard of Albany, Georgia. It is a small place, less than 20,000 population, in the southwestern part of the State, near the Florida line. It has had little publicity, compared with other Georgia communities. It has had no floggings, so far as recorded. It has merely won, for the second time in succession, the grand prize in the fire-waste prevention contest conducted by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and the National Fire Waste Council. It competed with 302 other American cities.

The prize for the next larger class of cities, those under 50,000, went to Owensboro, Kentucky. Owensboro, though "no mean city," is not large or particularly prominent. It is the center of the Green River tobacco district of the lowlands of the West—was, in the old days, the center of the Green River whisky district. It is circled by a line of decaying distilleries. It is one of those heroic communities that supported prohibition though prohibition meant tremendous financial loss.

All probably have heard of the winning city in the next class, under 100,000 population. It is Huntington, West Virginia. Huntington is among the mountains, in the extreme western tip of West Virginia. Catlettsburg and Ashland, Kentucky, are its suburbs. Around it is the region that won fame for "moonshine" and the quick trigger finger.

In the remaining class, that of cities over 100,000 population, the prize went to Milwaukee, Wisconsin. That used to be the city of beer and near-Bolshevism. Now it is the city of near-beer and Bolshevism. That, at least, was and is one common conception of it—a conception as nearly accurate as the "moonshine" and social shooting concept of the region around Huntington.

In that great section of our country east of the Appalachians and north of the Potomac no city won a prize in the fire waste contest. Though there are forty-four cities on the honor list, only two Atlantic port cities appear. They are Philadelphia and Wilmington, Delaware. Only one New England name appears in the list of forty-four honor cities. It is Laconia, New Hampshire.

At Odds Over Disarmament

Europe is blaming America for obstructing European plans to reduce armaments, and America thinks that Continental Europe is curiously cold to American plans to limit the strength of navies. Consequently, Geneva is likely to be the scene of interesting and informing exchanges of views in the course of the next few months regarding the whole problem of disarmament.

Italy has rejected the suggestion of President Coolidge that she send observers to the conference of Great Britain, Japan, and the United States, as the three great sea Powers, on the subject of auxiliary naval craft—particularly light cruisers and submarines. France seems likely to follow suit. The reason is that the Continental Powers object to the American principle of treating naval questions independently of army questions, and so separating the regulation of sea power from the discussion of land power and the maintenance of security in Europe. Italy also is reluctant to attend any conference which might imply a willingness to consider limitation of her naval policies in the Adriatic and the Mediterranean.

The United States, on the other hand, has rejected most of the proposals, in the report of the Mixed Commission of the Preparatory Disarmament Conference of the League of Nations. The American note on these proposals refuses agreement to the suggestions of an accord between chemical manufacturers to limit the production of poison gas, of an agreement to make training in the use of poison gas criminal, and of using national budgets and a scale based on population and natural resources as means of calculating ratios for limiting military strength. The European members of the Preparatory Conference, and particularly the French, are reported to regard the American objections as a body blow to their plans for a general disarmament conference for Europe.

Meanwhile new schemes are being advanced by Great Britain and by other

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delegations at the Preparatory Conference. If nothing else is accomplished now, at least the experts and the public will have had a liberal education in the possibilities and impossibilities of disarmament.

Reds, Whites—and Yellows

SHANGHAI has been captured by the armies of the Chinese Nationalists. The foreign Powers interested in the great international port therefore face the fact that its future is to be worked out in dealings with the Government of South China, which has extended its control gradually from Canton to the Yangtze Valley.

While this is the fact of most immediate interest to the United States and Europe in the progress of the Chinese civil war, it is not necessarily a determining event in China. Of more significance than the command of Shanghai is the Nationalist drive for Nanking, on the Shanghai-Peking Railway, and for control of the whole length of the Yangtze River from the mouth at Woosung, the port of Shanghai, to Hankow. It is at Hankow that the Nationalist administration is located; and mastery of the river means establishment of a ew front against the northern militaits and the opening of a vital line of mmunications and supplies from the south.

Back of the fighting there is a curious and perplexing play of Russian influence. There was great rejoicing in Moscow when Shanghai was captured. It is well known that Soviet advisers, headed by Borodin, have been working with the Nationalists in China. On the northern side, with the armies of Marshal Chang Tso-lin of Manchuria and his associates, there are "White" Russian officers and soldiers—volunteer recruits from the ex-Czarist and other anti-Bolshevik groups driven out of Siberia and Russian Manchuria by the Soviet Revolution. So the Russian factions continue to fight out their animosities in China, and the issue in China is complicated for the rest of the world.

Recently officers of the northern armies seized four Soviet representatives, including the wife of Borodin, on a steamer at Shanghai. They were charged with being spies plotting to create disorder in the territory held by the northerners. The Soviet Government at Moscow at once protested, demanding their release and threatening reprisals. It is not clear just what Soviet Russia could do to embarrass Chang Tso-lin. But, in view of Soviet relations with the Nationalists of South China, it is possible that she might create enough trouble along the line of the Chinese Eastern Railway in Manchuria to force him to keep a considerable number of his troops there as guards, and so affect the course of the warfare in central China.

At the same time, it is important not to be too ready to identify the factions in China with either the "Red" or the "White" Russian factions. The Nationalists of the South have taken the aid of the Soviet, as the militarists of the North have taken the weaker assistance of the refugee "Whites." But, although there is a formidable Communist agitation within the Chinese Nationalist Party, there is as yet nothing to show that the party or its army are Bolshevik. The probability is that both the Chinese factions are neither "reds" nor "whites," but "yellows"—that is to say, that they have their own theory and program for China, independent of foreign influences, and that the determination of China's destiny rests with the outcome of the struggle between them.

The Balkan Pot Boils Louder

THE threat of conflict between Italy and Jugoslavia over the control of Albania has commanded the attention of all Europe. Every statesman realizes that new trouble in the Balkans now might mean another great war. So there have been hurried communications between the capitals, and the prospect of a League investigation has arisen.

Several weeks ago The Outlook called attention to the treaty of mutual guaranty which Italy had made with Albania, constituting practically an Italian protectorate over that tiny mountain state, and to the inevitable difficulties that would be caused with Jugoslavia, Albania's northern neighbor. Last week we noted further the new agreement of Italy with Rumania, recognizing the annexation of Bessarabia by Rumania, and the complications that might follow with the Slavic states of the Balkans and with Russia. The news of the latest dispute between Italy and Jugoslavia is a further step in the development of a dangerous situation.

Briefly, Italy charges that Jugoslavia has been mobilizing forces on the Albanian frontier and fomenting plots for the overthrow of the present Government of Ahmed Zogu in Albania, with whom Mussolini made his guaranty arrangement. The Italian Government has notified the Governments of France, Germany, and Great Britain of its views, and called on them to aid in keeping the peace.

Jugoslavia denies that there have been mobilizations or conspiracies hostile to Albania. She alleges that munitions have been sent into Albania from Italy, and that Italy has been preparing to establish a direct control of the country menacing to the safety of Jugoslavia. She declares that she would welcome a full investigation by the League of Nations—Albania, Italy, and Jugoslavia all being members.

Dr. Stresemann, the German Foreign Minister, as President of the Council of the League of Nations, has advanced the suggestion of calling a special meeting of the Council to consider the emergency. Italy, at the same time, has shown an inclination to oppose any League inquiry. Thus Germany emerges in the new rôle of leader of the peacemakers in Europe, with her once-ally, Italy, cast for the part of the recalcitrant.

It is hardly to be thought that an actual outbreak of disorder in the Balkans will be permitted by the Governments of the Great Powers now; but the crisis will test the strength of the new political system set up in Europe by the Locarno treaties and the entry of Germany into the League.

Backward Italy

ITALY is indeed a backward country. One can travel for miles over Italian roads without finding any relief from the beautiful scenery in the shape of billboards and advertising placards. It is true that there are occasional signs telling of various brands of oil and gasoline, but these signs only in a slight degree mitigate the monotony of nature. Any one who has toured American roads, with their constant reminders of what and where to buy to make life worth living, will wonder how Italians manage to exist without such constant help. Perhaps if Mussolini could be given a chance to tour on one of our American roads, he might be persuaded to cable home ordering billboards placed at every beauty spot.

People have peculiar reactions sometimes, however. Who knows? He might cable home to have the few existing billboards destroyed, and then Italy would be lost forever to a modern world.

An Extensive Realty Transfer

THE Treaty of Paris which ended the Seven Years' War in 1763 and transferred Canada from France to Great Britain was echoed in the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council handed down at London recently by which a region aggregating 110,300 square miles in Labrador was lost to Canada and added to the ancient colony of Newfoundland. This decision

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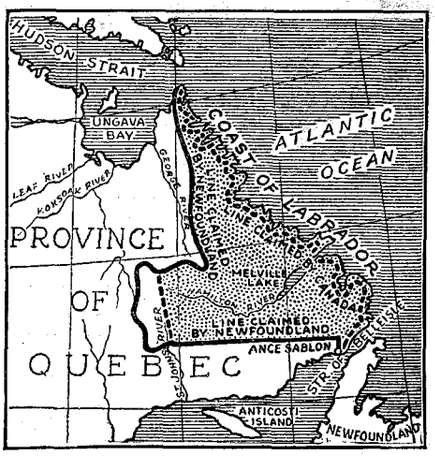
ends a legal contest that has continued for more than twenty years, that has cost more than $1,000,000 in fees, and upon which have been retained many of the ablest lawyers in England and the respective Dominions. Five years alone were consumed by the contending parties in deciding upon the exact wording of the question to be submitted to the Privy Council, which was finally adopted as follows: "What is the location and definition of the boundary between Canada and Newfoundland in the Labrador Peninsula under the statutes, Orders-in-Council, and proclamations?"

Newfoundland won practically her entire contention, losing in but two minor points. The region is valuable principally for approximately 60,000 square miles of spruce-pulp timber, estimated to be worth $250,000,000; and for the Grand Falls on Hamilton River, which are said to dwarf Niagara by comparison. The decision does not admit of appeal.

The principal point which the law lords were called upon to decide was the definition of the word "coast" as used in the original proclamation of 1763 by which George III put the Labrador coast in charge of the Government of Newfoundland. The Canadian contention was that it meant just a narrow strip following the actual coast-line. The Newfoundland claim was that the word was used in the sense of the term "Pacific coast," meaning a coastal region; and it was contended that this region should extend to the watershed of the streams draining into the Atlantic. That view was upheld by the tribunal. The Court ruled against Newfoundland with respect to that portion of the territory west of the Romaine River and east of the height of land; and also with respect to the ownership of a small island, called Woody Island, lying opposite the Bay of Blanc Sablon.

Practically the whole region under dispute is unsettled and largely unexplored, the inhabitants being the remnants of two principal Indian tribes, with a few scattered Eskimos living along the northern seashore. The white population is probably less than 2,000, all told, mostly resident along the coast in the southern part of the territory. The growing economic importance of pulp lands, coupled with the enormous potential hydroelectric energy of its rivers, will doubtless in time effect a revolutionary change in this hitherto little-known and, generally considered, bleak and inhospitable land; and if the rich mineralization of the Laurentian Shield, as evidenced by important discoveries in similar geological structures in Ontario and Quebec, continues, as is believed, into Labrador, the Canadian people may yet regret that they did not accept the offer of Newfoundland two years ago to



Newfoundland's stake in Labrador

sell its claim to the hinterland for a cash consideration of $30,000,000.

Planning Australia

To plan a continent—for a central intelligence to determine, "A railroad shall run here and a city shall be built there," because the places indicated on the map will be the most effective when the continent, a century hence, is complete and functioning at capacity—easily captures the imagination. What National economies could have been effected for the United States, what malapportionments of population could have been avoided, what precious resources could have been conserved, how many years could have been saved in reaching our present level of material civilization, if a capable Continental Planning Commission, knowing all that we know now, could have developed a plan, immediately after the Civil War, to be followed in the development of the United States for the following hundred years! That thought is both an exclamation and a question.

Australia is to have the opportunity of making a proof of the hypothesis. With a land the size of the United States and a population only the size of New York City's, she stands poised to begin an expansion comparable to that of America. Already Australia has important equipment for the task which America, her working model, has obtained only by a century's margin of trial and error: modern cities—Sydney with a million of population, Melbourne and Adelaide with a million between them—as focuses and directing centers of development; a high state of social and legislative civilization; a condition of international security and stability; immigration control even more effective than that of the United States.

A committee of eight men, four of them members of the existing "Migration and Development Commission" and four of them to be chosen in England or elsewhere for their knowledge of the economics of national growth, will lay a foundation of foresight for the opening up of new agricultural and industrial regions in Australia; for the building of roads and railroads and the other means of communication in the interest of the most effective service of those new territories rather than for personal, competitive gain; for situating new population where it will be most useful and most successful in living well; for distributing the use of the land's resources so that the country as a whole may take the fullest advantage of them, in the next generation and a century hence.

The driving force of American development has been vigorous individual enterprise, followed, only in the past twenty years, by the ascendency of co-operation. Although it is plain that this country lost a vast amount of National wealth and effort by unorganized growth, it is not for us to regret the plunging, dynamic personal achievements which carried us to our present position where we can plan Nationally for the future But it is gratifying to have Austr learn by our lessons and be able to b her larger growth in our second stage.

British Movies

On Hollywood the sun shines down; but foggy and gloomy has been the progress of British moving pictures. Films from America have persisted in catching the eye of the British public instead. Not only did this mean failure for the British motion-picture industry, but the matter even came before the Imperial Conference in London, because the American clothes, American cars, and American furniture in American movies advertised American goods to the disadvantage of British. Parliament inevitably was the refuge of this situation, and the result was a bill now pending.

The bill makes two principal provisions: First, that a certain proportion of the films shown by each theater must be British films; second, that blind booking —booking of films, usually American, without seeing them—shall be restricted. The passage of the bill is not certain. Even if the bill does pass, the eventual success of British motion pictures will depend on the quality of the pictures; for the public will not patronize poor pictures when it can go to another theater or wait for another day and see good ones.

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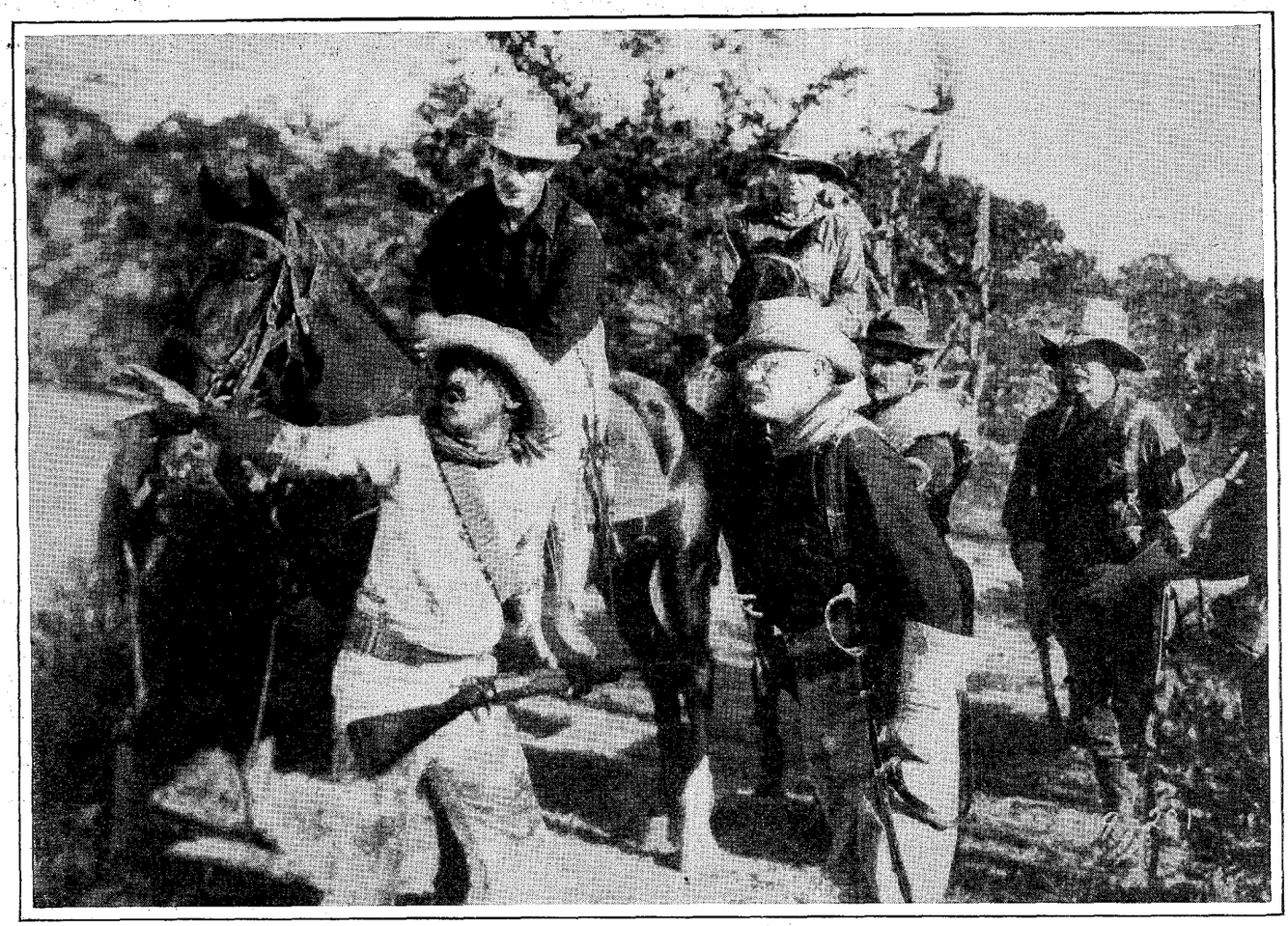

Colonel Wood (on horseback) and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt (right foreground) in Cuba—a scene from "The Rough Riders"

Therefore more hopeful are the efforts of the British producers themselves to make their productions successful. They have been taking their case to the best British authors to recruit their help. Kipling is the most notable of those who have agreed to co-operate, although he has never yielded to purely financial offers for the filming of his stories. Galsworthy, Conan Doyle, Sabbatini, Arnold Bennett, Sir Hall Caine, and nine others have sold five-year options on the film rights of their stories to a single company—a new million-pound British Empire organization for the production of moving pictures "on a grand scale." This company, organized by an established British producer and a Lancashire cotton manufacturer, intends to build central studios near London and to bring to them English directors who are now in the United States. "British Incorporated Pictures, Limited," will embrace in addition a Canadian producing company and one in Australia. If the sun will shine on the producers' own efforts, it may be that they will, not only establish the marketability of British films in England, but also will force up the proportion of intelligent American films. The German photoplays which are coming to the United States are affording a stimulating basis of comparison in the technique of production and to a less degree in subject-matter. The English, because of their dramatic and literary relation to this country, seem in even a better position to help America raise increasingly more movies out of the slough of despondent cheapness.

Rough Riding on the Screen

WHAT might have been a great screen play has turned out to be a good one.

"The Rough Riders" may fairly be said to belong near the small group of plays that presage a future for the screen comparable to the history of the stage. That it does not reach the summit of the motion-picture art as we know it now is a disappointment only to those who have felt, if not imagined, the possibilities of the theme. Compared with the World War, the Spanish-American War seems little; but it was none the less heroic. Indeed, its proportions were such that what was big was not concealed by the multitude of small and insignificant events. There was something epical in the gathering together of such a regiment as the Rough Riders from a continental area and their victorious progress against heartbreaking obstacles toward a new goal of freedom. Indeed, there was something distinctive in this American epic, for, instead of being the fight of people for freedom for themselves, it was a fight for the freedom of others.

It is here, in this very significance of the War of 1898, that this screen play, excellent as it is, falls below what it easily might have been. Perhaps in its original form, before it was pruned to fit the prospective demand of the public, it had more of this epic quality. There is intimation of this in the illustrated program of the play, apparently printed before the film was finally edited, for there the story begins with a scene in Cuba symbolic of the rescue of Cuba. But enough of what might have been. Let us take the play as it is.

In the first place, it is a remarkable depiction of the spirit, the manners, the point of view of America of a generation ago. Even those who lived at that time and, to the wonder of younger people, survive to the present the change in all that is external which has come about in the meantime seems surprising. Equally plain, however, with this change is the persistence of that indefinable something we think of as the American spirit. And the picture has caught this, somehow.

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too. Veterans of the World War will recognize in these men who flocked to the camp at San Antonio their "buddies."

In particular, there has been preserved in this picture for all time an extraordinary reproduction of actual historical incidents. In The Outlook for the 27th of last October Hermann Hagedorn, from whose brain sprang the story that is here written in light and shadows, told the incident of the party in the beer garden which Carl Beck, the bandmaster, innocently broke up by having a man fire a shot behind the big bass drum. In the play this incident is depicted more graphically than it could possibly have been if a motion-picture machine had been on the spot at the time it occurred.

In the second place, the chief character of the epic, though perhaps not of the story, is presented with a fidelity that will add to the lasting value of this screen play. Of course, those who knew Theodore Roosevelt, not only in the days of '98, but later when he became President and after, will naturally be struck by the differences between him and his impersonator. But to the great mass of those who will see this picture these differences will not matter. They may be assured that the impression they get of Colonel Roosevelt from Frank Hopper is not misleading. And in both Mr. Hopper's acting and in the part that he is given to play there is commendable and appropriate restraint.

In the third place, the picture conveys, so far as it goes, a true impression of the history of those days. It does not camouflage this well-meaning Nation's propensity to certain kinds of blunders. It gives a true glimpse of a good but circumspect and dangerously unimaginative Secretary of the Navy. It shows just what inadequate transport means to the men whom the Nation calls to service on the field of battle. It pictures, almost to the sense of smell as well as sight, the meaning of "embalmed beef." It translates into terms of human hardship, suffering, death, the words "red tape." It is a film for people to see who forget how readily America has entered every one of its wars unprepared. And yet it is not in any wise a sermon on the subject. It simply preserves the balance of history with no loss to what is essentially heroic in it.

In the fourth place, Hugo Riesenfeld's music, built largely on the popular songs of the day—notably "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night"—is an appropriate accompaniment.

Finally, the sub-plot, which at times tends to shoulder the real story of the Rough Riders into the background, is better than such love stories in the movies usually are. Its characters are real people who belong to their times. The exaggeration that goes into the making of the comic characters as well as into some of the dramatic situations of the two heroes is no greater than that in which all playwrights indulge, and is partly an inevitable result of the process of selection of incident for dramatic purposes. There are blemishes which might be corrected by pruning; but they are blemishes which an uncritical audience, accustomed to slapstick, will perhaps account virtues. What is especially welcome in this sub-plot is the fact that it is built upon a development of character in the two men about whom it revolves.

In spite of its shortcomings, "The Rough Riders" is a play not only worth seeing but worth preserving.

Rebecca and the President

CREDULOUS persons are likely to injure themselves by taking to their hearts things which do not exist. Skeptical persons, on the other hand, miss much of the joy of life by rejecting as mythical things which are very real. If the credulous are in need of protection, the skeptical are doubly in need of it. Therefore these lines.

The newspapers recently printed a story concerning the President and a pet 'coon. The animal, not long ago, was sent from Tennessee to grace the White House table. But the President, New England bred, has not a palate attuned to the peculiar flavor of roast 'coon. Possibly he has no competent cook. Very likely, the little animal so appealed to him that he could not bear to have her slaughtered. Whatever the reason, she was not slaughtered, but adapted herself to the White House, and established herself in its grounds and in the heart of its master. When, recently, the Coolidge family moved from the White House to a temporary residence on Du Pont Circle, the President so missed Rebecca—that is her name, whether brought with her from Tennessee or acquired at the White House—that he went back for her and she rode with him, quite chummily, on the rear seat of the Presidential car to the new residence.

Now persons skeptically inclined are in danger of rejecting this pretty story as mythical, believing that no wild animal could thus speedily become the pet of the President. To all such we offer the assurance that the story is, or reasonably may be, perfectly true. The raccoon is the most adaptable of all animals and, according to all who have had experience, makes the best of pets.

The adaptability of this little bear—for the raccoon is a member in good standing of the bear family—is truly remarkable. Deliberate of movement, even clumsy as compared with most woods dwellers, the raccoon has suited itself as no other animal has to the ways of a settled country. Where practically all of the others have disappeared, the raccoon has not only held its own but has increased in numbers. It has even moved on beyond its original range to occupy the territory from which the others have fled, and thus within quite recent years has become fairly common in New England, the President's own country.

The naturalists Witmer Stone and William Everett Cram not long ago expressed alarm over this latter fact—not that the 'coon would do more injury in New England than elsewhere, but that it would never be loved there as it always has been in the South. The raccoon, they said, has a peculiar affinity with and for the Negro, who invests him with a personality and a measure of wisdom quite remarkable. The New Englander, they reasoned, can never have any such feeling, and the poor raccoon must be in that region merely vermin, to be persecuted and exterminated.

The naturalists might have spared themselves these pangs. They might have known that the raccoon is amply able to take care of himself—or, as in this instance at the White House, herself—anywhere. They might have reflected that he was but following the Negro northward. But perhaps they could not have been expected to know that Rebecca, by appealing as she has to so typical a New Englander as the President, would establish the raccoon in the affections of his section.

There are, however, many reasons why the President and Rebecca might have been expected to get on well together. The raccoon, quite as much as the President, is the embodiment of thrift. Other animals must have a particular kind of food. The fox will have nothing but flesh, the marten little but fish, the woodchuck nothing but vegetables. Not so the raccoon. He can feast on fat fowl when the occasion offers, fish with the marten when the fishing is good, but, when the need arises, can live comfortably on roots and scraps of vegetation that would not suffice for even a woodchuck.

Haste must be made to say that the raccoon does not feast on flesh with the fox or on fish with the marten. No meat

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of any kind passes his lips until it has been thoroughly washed. So abnormally is this trait of cleanliness developed in him that he takes not only his Latin name but his French and German names from it. It is a trait that ought to get sympathy for him among New Englanders.

Candor, however, compels the confession that the washing of his meat is with the raccoon not so much hygienic as it is ritualistic. If clean water is not at hand, he washes his meat in very dirty water and is apparently content. Indeed, there is no evidence that he distinguishes between clean and dirty water when both are at hand. He adheres to his ritual, that is all. But this should not prejudice him in the eyes of New England. There are those who contend that the cleanliness of New Englanders is ritualistic or religious rather than practical. George Washington, brought up in the reputed slovenliness of the South, evidently had some such thought when he cried out upon the Massachusetts militia as "an extremely dirty and filthy people." But out upon these ancient sectional prejudices!

All of that, however, is somewhat far afield from Coolidge and the Coolidge 'coon. Mr. Coolidge, they say, is a poli-'cian. The 'coon is not without politi-'l traditions. His skin, in conjunction with a log cabin, carried one Presidential election—that of 1840. It may be guessed that Rebecca will be no disadvantage in that of 1928, even though she has gone to the Washington Zoo for a time.

An Adventure in Industrial Democracy

MANAGERS of industry have been proving that industrial democracy, in the degree to which it is made operative, is not only a safeguard against friction with labor but also a means of increasing production. When workers, by their own right and not by mere generosity from above, are to participate in increased profits and in enhanced credit for public service, the result is plain: they will not strike, and they will work harder; and the management gains, altogether apart from any humanitarian considerations.

Industrial democracy is the new era of business, with its manifest advantages, and perhaps with certain disadvantages inherent in the setting of industrial society in a new mold. It seems worth while to survey one of the most interesting experiments in the new order.

Mitten Management, the organization which operates the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company, is outstanding for the successful basis on which it has admitted its employees to an interest and a voice in the progress of the company. The Philadelphia Rapid Transit workers have equal power with the management in all matters involving wages, working conditions, or discipline—by means of branch committees, departmental committees, and, finally, central committees, of men and of management. Corresponding committees of men and management meet together, each with equal power, and with no superior veto power threatening to undo the actions assented to by both committees. In case of failure to agree, issues are presented to arbitration.

Keystone

Thomas E. Mitten

Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company wages are the highest in the country for urban transportation employees. Furthermore, they are distinguished because they have been made subject to the index of the cost of living. If living costs go up or down, as shown by prices in the districts where the employees live, wages go up or down accordingly and automatically.

Employees participate directly in increased production, thus: Mitten Management receives 4 per cent of each year's gross revenue as its operating fee; one-half of that is paid to the employees in the person of elected trustees, who buy Philadelphia Rapid Transit stock on the market with it, issue certificates for the stock to the employees in amounts proportionate to their various wages, and pay them dividends in cash each quarter. In this way the employees have accumulated 220,000 out of the 600,000 shares of voting stock in the company. Voted as a block, these shares give them practical control of the company, through their members on the Board of Directors.

These definite, incontrovertible, and unique powers of the employees are the resultant of fifteen years of development of employer-employee relationships that began with a strike and the failure of the company, by a large margin, to earn its fixed charges, and that now pertain to an efficient, dividend-paying company. It should be said that the third party to interest in the Rapid Transit Company, the public of Philadelphia, is not unanimously content with the Philadelphia Rapid Transit situation—even though 40,000 Philadelphians own shares of stock in the company. The citizens value the exemplary employee relationship of Mitten Management; but—whether with good reason or not we shall not discuss—the charge is heard that the high wages and the employees' share of the management fee are paid by the citizens in the eight-cent fare and in inadequate financial responsibility of the Rapid Transit Company to the city. Both adequate wages and a just payment for management are legitimate charges which the users of transportation must in the end pay in fares or taxes. Whether the arrangement between the city and the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company is reasonable is not the point here, as it is chiefly of local interest to Philadelphia, whereas the principles and operation of the Mitten plan for the relations between management and men are of National interest.

The Mitten idea is especially interesting in the light of such events as the recent joint study by Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish social service bodies of the strike in existence on the Western Maryland Railroad since the fall of 1925. The report of the study lays blame on the stockholders of the railroad for undertaking to "divide their losses with labor," although labor did not have any means of sharing in profits.

In addition to the rights which they enjoy in management and ownership, the employees of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company benefit from life insurance, sick benefits, and pensions, financed in equal apportionment by the management and by themselves; and they have at their service a saving fund, administered by elected employees, which now has deposits of $2,600,000, on which 5 per cent interest is paid.

Now T. E. Mitten, the guardian angel of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit

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Company and the benefactor of its employees, a man who is recognized as one of the most potent pioneers in industrial relations, has sponsored a further venture of men and management as partners.

Early in 1926 the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia went into receivership, with the prospect of forty-five per cent losses by depositors and total loss by stockholders. This bank had been organized and conducted under the auspices of the labor unions of the city, and its depositors and stockholders were mostly local unions and individual members of local unions. Avowedly with the hope of maintaining labor's confidence in itself as capital, Mitten Management arranged to absorb the distressed bank with a new organization, the Mitten Men and Management Bank and Trust Company, and to make good the losses of such of the old depositors as were willing to leave their deposits in the new bank and of such old stockholders as were willing to buy the equivalent of their lost stock in Mitten Bank stock, to be paid for in twenty-four successive monthly installments, with the new stock as collateral. Only a minority of both classes of persons interested in the Producers and Consumers Bank availed themselves of the offer, principally because, contrary to the fact of the matter, the Central Labor Union of Philadelphia used the charge that Mitten Management was opposed to labor-unionism as the basis for urging that the bank offer should be turned down. Without awaiting the time when the new bank would be in a position to fulfill the agreement, Mitten Management has paid in full the Producers and Consumers depositors and stockholders who accepted the offer.

The Mitten Men and Management Bank and Trust Company is not genuinely a labor bank, for, unlike many new labor banks in the country, it has not the backing of the American Federation of Labor. But its inception is perhaps even more significant than the formation of labor banks, which represent labor's protest against capital's control of banking advantages. The Mitten Bank is a gesture in the direction of having the control and advantages of banks divided between labor and capital —with the further objective that the two shall be merged in their aims. The Board of Directors of the Mitten Bank is composed half of the management's representatives and half of the men's. Although the bank will serve Mitten Management well as a depository for funds and for other banking business, it was founded with the announced purpose of affording to working people of small means the banking benefits that generally are available to possessors of large means, especially advice in the building up of small estates and service in administering them. The bank frankly warns that this policy is not to be expected to produce large cash dividends.

There is not in the Mitten Bank the balance of opposite interests which, independently of other considerations, promises to continue the success of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit plan of employer-employee relations. The stake of neither side is so vital as it is where their work and their business depend on regard for the equal interests of capital and labor. The bank venture appears to be an attempt to establish the labor-as-capital theory on its merits, unsupported by strong selfish interests. The good faith of the directors, of both parties, in the community of interest of capital and labor will determine whether the bank caters to this aim in a normal, businesslike fashion. It will be interesting to watch the indications of whether the principle involved has crystallized.

John Drew and His Art

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

AS this is an article on the theater, it is appropriate that it should begin with a gallant adventure.

Recently, on a Saturday forenoon, I found myself sitting next to two ladies on a Forty-second Street subway shuttle train. They were youngish and well-bred. In fact, they looked as if they might have come from Boston. The train was bound for the theater district, and they were scrutinizing a page of the morning paper which contained the advertisements of the matinées for that afternoon. Finally I heard one of them say to the other: "Well, William Lyon Phelps says that 'Trelawney of the Wells' is one of the three best plays now running in New York."

Now I had just seen John Drew's delightful revival of this agreeable comedy by Sir Arthur Pinero, and my enthusiasm, leaping over all bounds of convention, impelled me to turn to the ladies and remark: "By all means choose 'Trelawney'!" They raised their eyebrows a little, but my gray hairs reassured them, and we had an animated and pleasant conversation, in which I said some of the things I propose to say in this article. When I left them at the terminus at Times Square, I think I had imparted to them some of my enthusiasm, and they asked me to direct them to the theater ticket office, where I hope they found seats and enjoyed, as much as I did, Pinero's portrayal of a bygone theatrical era.

"Trelawney of the Wells" is an amusing but genuinely tender love story of a hero and heroine who surmount all obstacles, marry, and presumably live happily ever after. Rose Trelawney, the fascinating *ingénue* of that historic old London theater known as "Sadler's Wells," becomes engaged to the grandson of a proud and testy London aristocrat, who first objects and then succumbs. The sentiment and tenuous plot are very old-fashioned, no doubt, i these days when our plays and nove seem to depend almost wholly upon highly complicated if not perverted sex appeal. But it is pleasant to be assured by the success of the revival of "Trelawney" that there are theater-goers who still enjoy old-fashioned sentiment when it is combined with finished art.

In his latest book, "Rip Van Winl Goes to the Play," Brander Ma[illegible] the dean of living American dr[illegible] critics, makes this pertinent observation:

> Charles Lamb thought it a consolation for growing old that he had seen the "School for Scandal" in all the glory of its original cast; and we who were witnesses of the splendid days of Daly's Theater have a similar solace.

Perhaps one reason why I so greatly enjoyed "Trelawney" was that it recalled the era of Augustin Daly, under whose management John Drew, Ada Rehan, James Lewis, and Mrs. Gilbert captivated the theater-going public of New York. To be sure "Trelawney" was not originally a Daly play, but in its revival John Drew plays a leading part. In spite of his seventy-three years, his freshness, vitality, and dignity seem not to have diminished but only to have ripened, and I think he is entitled today to the encomium which William Winter paid to him many years ago— "the crisp vivacity and charm for which John Drew is justly admired." He comes by his histrionic gifts quite naturally, for he is a member of a distinguished theatrical family. His father was a famous comedian in the first half of the last century, and his mother, born in London, was that beloved Mrs. John Drew who created the rôle of Mrs.

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Helen Gahagan and John Drew — Mrs. Thomas Whiffen and O. P. Heggie

As they appeared in Pinero's play "Trelawney of the Wells"

Malaprop in this country. Her conception of the art of acting she passed on to her son. Brander Matthews says that "when Mrs. Drew played Mrs. Malaprop she lifted the part from low comedy to high comedy; Sheridan's figure of fun ceased to be a caricature and became a deftly etched character, more human and more humorous." John Drew has always pursued this same method on the stage. His art is so natural that to the observer who does not take care to penetrate the psychology of the stage it often seems simple. Nothing better was ever said of the *finesse* of dramatic art than the witty comment of a New York woman who once remarked, "John Drew doesn't act, he just behaves."

Appearing with John Drew in the revival of "Trelawney" is a company of actors through whom the history of the American stage for the last half-century may easily be traced. Not that all the members of the company are elderly; for the part of Rose Trelawney is played by Miss Helen Gahagan, whose youth and beauty were so effective in "Young Woodley." But age may be as adorable as youth—an assertion which is proved in the case of Mrs. Thomas Whiffin, who appears in the revival of "Trelawney" as Mrs. Mossop. Mrs. Whiffin, now eighty-two years old, has been a favorite of American theater-goers since 1868. In 1879—nearly half a century ago—she created the rôle of Buttercup in the first American production of "Pinafore." If she should happen to see these lines, she will perhaps forgive my associating such an incredible lapse of years with her name and achievements. I think it a compliment to say that the zest, agility, and wit with which she still "carries on" is one of the finest practical demonstrations I know of the substantial truth of those lines of Browning, "Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be."

Another old favorite in the cast of "Trelawney" is Lawrance D'Orsay. He is best known for his creation of the part of Lord Cardington in Augustus Thomas's "The Earl of Pawtucket," which was first produced at the Madison Square Theater in 1903, and which ran for three years—almost as long as "Abie's Irish Rose." A comparison of the quality and longevity of these two comedies affords a depressing measure of contemporary American taste in stage humor. D'Orsay is a gifted artist in his characteristic rôles, which are usually Dundrearyesque. Such a part he plays in "Trelawney," and he is well worth seeing, although he appears briefly and speaks but a few lines. He first appeared in this country in the middle eighties as a young English actor. Augustus Thomas describes him as being then "tall and slight in figure; erect and elegant in carriage; and punctilious in deportment." His extreme British drawl was perfectly genuine. Thomas illustrates these qualities, which endeared D'Orsay to American theater-goers in my younger days, by an amusing story:

> One day in the middle nineties, I was standing with D'Orsay at the busy bar of the Bartholdi Hotel [now demolished, but then on a favorite corner of Madison Square, diagonally opposite the old Fifth Avenue Hotel]. D'Orsay had ordered a Scotch "high-ball" and "no ice, please." When the glasses were set up there was the usual cube of ice in each. D'Orsay pushed back his glass and said, "I told you no ice, please." The barkeeper had been working rapidly, and was irritated; and behind that there seemed to be some pugilistic training, and a Bowery ancestry. He put both forearms on the bar, leaned forward, protruded his chin and said, "Oh, rats!"
>
> D'Orsay broke off the intended remark to me, turned blandly to the barkeeper, lifted his eyebrows in mild astonishment, copied the barkeeper's pose exactly, and, after a leisurely pause, said most politely, "The same to you, deah chap, and many of them."

Such are some of the recollections brought to mind by the revival of "Trelawney of the Wells," which has now finished its New York season and is, I believe, about to go on tour. John

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Drew and his colleagues have furnished New Yorkers with an oasis in the desert of triviality, banality, and vulgarity which seems, temporarily, let us hope, to have deadened the New York stage. They have shown to grateful audiences that wit, intelligence, tenderness, and restraint are still real factors in dramatic art.

Smoldering Youth

IF the "long, long thoughts of youth" are running short, youth itself is unwilling to let them go by default. The deprecation of present student thoughts and of the stimulative powers of colleges by the undergraduate author of "Let's Not Think," in The Outlook for March 2, 1927, brought a remarkably large number of letters to The Outlook, all from young people, making an excellent case to show that the majority of students are thinking normally and actively, but healthfully free from "consciousness of their own thought production." A single one of these briefs has been selected to present the defense. The author of "Let's Not Think" had asked several co-eds at a dance, "What do you think of fraternities?" The answers he received were such as, "Oh, let's not think to-night; let's just enjoy ourselves;" and "Darned if I know; I don't believe in thinking." He asked a fellow-student, "Si, what do you think would happen if political parties should be broken up, and each one voted independently for the candidate whom he thought best fitted for the office?" He was answered: "Gosh, what's the use of thinking? We've got political parties, and we'll always have them." From such responses to his efforts to promote serious discussion the youthful author concluded that "We young folks don't know what it is to think."

On the other hand, "Edward and the Scriptures," in The Outlook for February 23, elicited letters from older people offering opinions about Edward, whose trouble was, apparently, too much thinking. Several of these letters are quoted in part herewith. Edward, at thirteen, had revolted from a Christ who is "so everlastingly 'perfect,' so 'meek.'" He insisted upon questioning, despite the beneficent ministrations of Sunday school and church, "Why do we wanta go convert heathen? The heathen get a heap more satisfaction outa their religion than *we* do, seems to me." What Edward wanted was a heroic religion.

Sh! I'm Thinking

An Undergraduate in a Woman's College Answers the Undergraduate in a State College Who Wrote "Let's Not Think"

I PUT off the moment when I had to begin studying by picking up a too handy magazine and leafing through it. It happened to be The Outlook. When I came to an article entitled "Let's Not Think," written by an undergraduate, I paused, wondering what kind of a brain wave had hit a fellow-student. I read "Let's Not Think," and proceeded to do more thinking than I have done in one evening for a long time. I tried to study, quite unsuccessfully, so I left the library and walked slowly home, pondering, pondering.

Was the writer treating the youth of American colleges and universities fairly? Are we as averse to thinking as he would depict us? Does this so-called higher education prepare us for anything? Do our instructors ever stimulate our minds? Do we simply spend four years in an institution, wandering around in a lackadaisical fashion from class to class, filling our fountain pens and note-books, but never our minds?

As I opened the door to our room I began quizzing my roommate.

"Say, do you"—

"Sh!" she cut me short. "I'm thinking."

I leaned against the door and looked at her. There she sat at her desk, leaning her chin on her hand, her note-book and some other books shoved to one side, her hair pushed back.

"Strenuous work?" I asked.

"Quite," she replied. "Browning. Trying to decide just what I think about him."

I SIT here now, recalling the hundreds of times I have seen that same thinking look on my roommate's face. I remember, too, other times when some of us, tired of studying, of bridge, or of what-not, have talked most of the night away, seeking the eternal why and what of things; asking the questions that human beings have asked since time began; and thinking out answers that would in some degree satisfy us. We have hashed all the big phases of life—religion, love, marriage, standards of living, the power of will; and all the little things of life—the shape of our next-door neighbor's head, the color of the tie one of our male instructors wore to class. If when such a discussion begins one has definite ideas on the subject, one has to defend them mightily. If, on the other hand, one's ideas are hazy to begin with, after a certain amount of listening things begin to crystallize out in one's mind, and certain impressions remain.

We are just an average college group, not intellectual wizards nor grinds. We spend more than a fair amount of time in perusing the pages of that highly edifying magazine known as "College Humor" and in studying the "Photo-play" profiles and figures. Just the same, we don't take life as we find it without knowing why. There is nothing wrong with our brains, and every once in a while we feel it incumbent upon us to think. And we can think. We sharpen our wits when we think out loud in groups. Afterwards we pick up the pieces—the bits of light—and fit them into the puzzle of life.

THERE are two parts to college life. The first, and the one which means education in the eyes of our parents, is the classroom part of it. This may or may not be of value, depending largely on the personality of the instructor. Most professors can pour a great deal into the vacancies of a student's mind; most of them can get it back again in course of time. A few professors can give things to the student that they will never get back, because they demand, and receive, in exchange original ideas. The student's reaction, or lack of it, in the classroom is based entirely on the instructor's personality and method. Our minds are always ready to listen or to sleep. If a low voice drones through the minutes in class, why not sleep? But if an eager voice demands, after making certain statements, "Well, what is your opinion, Miss X?"—then there are sundry excellent reasons for being mentally awake.

The out-of-classroom part of college consists in one's personal contacts with people. Contacts with other people are always demanding a readjustment of one's self. The ideas of mere college girls often call for as much, if not more, mental adjustment than the ideas pre-

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sented by the instructor in class, because the former are more likely to be vital to living. Classes provide two things—a grindstone on which to whet one's intellectual powers, and the experience of past ages. The grindstone and the second-hand experience furnish what is called a cultural background. One can exist, even live, without this background, but one cannot get along without that which contact with people affords—first-hand experience. Of course, the immediate question is, "Why college then?" For several reasons. First, one's intellectual powers need grinding; second, handed-down experience has its utility—even a fool knows that; third, and most important, college life keeps one's mind adaptably pliant. Any one who has ever known a man who "knows" he is right, who won't even listen to, let alone accept, another man's point of view, can appreciate the value of a mind that is open; that is accustomed to listening to all kinds of ideas, and to picking out their defects and merits; that is in the habit of thinking through.

HERE we are, two undergraduates; the one a man in a State university, I a girl in a woman's college; at the opposite poles as regards the amount of thinking done by American college youth. I wish I thought that as many of the older generation would side with me as with him. Too many people rejoice in running down colleges as places in which youngsters waste their time and their family's money. I suppose that the idea that modern youth does not think is not limited to college students; only our nonsense, frivolity, and general empty-headedness is more striking because we stand, as it were, in a high place, where the world can conveniently point the condemning finger at us. I will admit that our brains often do rattle around in hopeless circles, but I protest that we can and do think—oftener than any one would ever suspect.

To ask a girl what she thinks when a jazz orchestra is going full tilt and her mind is set to a syncopated rhthym is not fair. The simplest thing to say in such an instance is, "Oh, I don't think!" and any normal girl would say just that. To ask a college man what he thinks indicates that one is not a tactician. If one wants to know, really, what he thinks, just tell him—or start to—what you yourself think, and very soon his thoughts, good, bad, and indifferent, are at your disposal. Some people are addicted to thinking—rare souls! The majority are at the other extreme. The average college student, possessed of a certain amount of intelligence, always thinks when he must; sometimes thinks when he alone will profit by his thoughts; and often thinks—not greatly or deeply, perhaps, but at least sanely—when no one credits him for thinking. It is a curious business, this of thinking, and vastly important. Lots of college men and girls get along on a minimum. People who do little in college, the "just enough to get by," usually talk a lot about it, thus giving the outside world a basis for its poor opinion of us. The others who think an average, or over, amount both in and out of the classroom are the ones who give outsiders (those who aren't always looking for an excuse to say, "We told you so!") their faith in young folk and in institutions of learning; their willingness to invest in both.

IF only the world would get over the idea that colleges prepare sons and daughters for life, then colleges would be more fairly judged. What do people mean when they say, "College ought to prepare you for life"? Rubbish! What prepared them for life except living? We can do no more than live; and college offers us the chance to find ourselves before we venture forth from the family roof, with only the family ideas and prejudices in our minds. College knocks every idea we have grown up with, and as it knocks we question, and so we grow—grow in and by the light shed by our mental reactions to first and second hand experience—and those reactions mean thinking! And none of us, not even the most cocksure and nonchalant, is immune from thinking, because we cannot help but react. We might if we could, but we can't; so there we are, caught in a vicious circle, all the more vicious, because while we try to arrive at the solutions of class and life's problems, more often in the dead of night than in the day, the world waggles its head and says, out of one corner of its broad mouth: "Nonsense, these colleges! Young people are a worthless lot. Don't think. Don't know how." Well, old Mr. World, you're wrong. Colleges are more sense than nonsense. Moreover, when you were young, some one probably called you a worthless lot. So you might be careful what you call us. And, although we may not know how to think according to your rule, we have methods peculiar to ourselves, which we employ, and which we, and sometimes other people, find efficacious.

ANOTHER UNDERGRADUATE.

Don't Take Edward Seriously

Some Outlook Readers Advise Edward's Mother

EDWARD'S mother should have had a wood-pile, sawbuck, and an ax for Edward. She should have dismissed the housemaid, so that Edward could help wash the dishes and clean up the house. Edward is getting wiser, and weaker. Edward is rusting out. He is not going to wear out. Edward knows too much, and does not know how to control it and use it for the world. Edward had too good a library; too many books to read, and not enough work. Edward ought to read the biographies of men, and learn how hard they had to work as boys. Edward ought to get a job in the Y. M. C. A. or the Boy Scouts, and try to put into use some of the things that he believes. He ought to have a chance to try some of his ideas on other boys who have had less collegiate training. Edward's mother forgot to tell Edward that Christ was a poor boy, and the son of a poor man, and had a job. Christ worked as well as thought. He did more thinking than we know about But he worked. Edward will come out all right, or else he will get "it" knocked out of him when he gets to work.

I wonder how Edward's mother would react to listening to a clerk in the pulpit every Sunday, as Edward has done at Sunday school. Edward's mother would get that "wariness" too if she had the same kind of teacher in the pulpit that her Edward had at Sunday school. Edward's mother, like most mothers to-day, feel that any old thing is good enough for the Sunday school. But for "our" pulpit we want a nice-looking, gentle, firm, learned, trained, ordained minister. We want to examine him before we hire him. We want to know what he believes. We want to look at his diplomas and recommendations. We want to know why our minister got fired or left the church from which he came. We place a value on the minister's services. And the value is measured in dollars. The more dollars we pay him, the bigger the minister. What value do we place on a Sunday school teacher?

Edward ought to make a good Sunday school teacher, because he is so wise, and has read so much and knows so much that he has learned in the books he has read. Put him to work, so that his muscles will be strong and his appetite good; and when night comes he will be tired enough to go to sleep. God has not stopped making men great nor has he stopped making good things. The Bible is a good book. It is a great book. God is still making good books and great

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books. And he has the men to do it with. He has not stopped since the Bible stopped. Have Edward join the army or navy. It is a good thing to know when to stop thinking.

H. CLAY EVENSON.

THE article "Edward and the Scriptures" describes a sad relationship between a boy of to-day and religion. Cannot such a condition be prevented by fitting religion to a boy's measurements from early childhood? The idea of God comes so naturally. The parent need only wait for the child's natural questions, which will be abundant if the child has been given plenty of opportunity to observe and love nature. The parent must be ready with a knowledge of science and wisely link it with religion. Understanding God's great laws in nature should strengthen our faith, not weaken it. Then there will never be the danger of our children throwing overboard their religion that they may accept science.

Let the child feel that he is going to have a part in understanding God, that it is not simply learning what others have taught. When my son asks me a baffling question, a question that has not yet been answered by proved facts, I tell him how mankind from the beginning of history has been searching after a knowledge of God, and that he will start with what has been learned, but will advance in his thinking as the years go on; and when he is grown he may be nearer the truth than we are yet. Then the boy has a part in religion. It is not something prepared for him by others and forced on him. D. B. J.

A NEW subscriber, having read "Edward and the Scriptures," feels impelled to say that the best-educated people of the time when Christ was living felt about his ministry very much as Edward does. It was the common people who heard him gladly. Like Nicodemus, most of us must be "born again" before our eyes, ears, or understanding can be opened to what Christ meant in his Sermon on the Mount. There is no use trying to make a military character of him. His whole ministry taught, "not rendering evil for evil, but, contrariwise, blessing." Rather let us leave Christ out entirely than to give him attributes he did not possess. Such a boy as Edward might find that a skillful use of the "armor of God" would tax all his powers should he try it.

MRS. E. F. H.

DON'T take Edward seriously. It's only a child looking at truth and balking at it, even as you and I do.

R. B.

A Letter from an Ohio Farmer

I HAVE carefully read your article "The Farmer Saved from His Friends" and that of your correspondent "What Farmers Want of the President." I carefully read the veto Message of the President, and I cannot refrain from writing a few things that occur to me on this subject. I am far from being alone in these opinions, for I have talked with a good many men, both farmers and business men, since this remarkable Message came out.

Permit me to say that, while a great many times I do not agree with The Outlook, you do not hesitate to call a spade a spade, and I admire that quality in you at all times.

At the present time I think that we are rapidly approaching a serious crisis, one that is far more serious than one in ten of our city friends dream of. I wish that I could show you how this situation really stands. Mr. Merritt comes nearer to realizing the situation than the average, and I doubt if he dreams just what it is. May I tell you a little about it?

I live in as fertile a spot as exists in Ohio, one of the best there is in the Nation. Our farms are not only fertile; they are mostly well tilled, improved; they are carefully rotated; it is anything but a one-crop section. As a matter of fact, the only sections of our farming country where one crop greatly predominates are certain western spots where one crop is about all that they are able to grow. You talk about diversification as being a cure for our troubles. My little farm, very much like all the rest, produces alfalfa, corn, barley, wheat, soy beans, various fruits, hogs, beef, milk, chickens, and eggs, all in salable quantities.

The year round I allow myself from six to seven hours' rest. My wife does a good man's work, and our children all work, doing their share, but we can barely get by—no more. Beside us shop men drive to the nearest cities, earn $10 a day, and laugh at us. This, however, is far from the worst. We are breaking even. Others are doing far less than that, and trying mighty hard, too.

There is one sure test of farm prosperity: the price of farm lands. My father came here sixty-five years ago from the poorest and bleakest hills of New York. He bought an undrained farm, paying $100 an acre for it. He was the first man of the community to use tile drains. His swamps became rich, alluvial fields, and paid well. Into those fields since he bought them has gone about $50 per acre in tile. Buildings on his land are worth $75 an acre, a total investment of $225 per acre. Put the farm up at auction to-morrow, and it will not bring the price of the buildings alone. This is true of any moderate-sized farm in our community. A good farm sold recently at $40 per acre. The buildings alone were worth much more. A poorer one sold for $23.

In 1913 our original farm would easily have sold for between $175 and $225 an acre. We had a standing offer at the first figure for several years. It earned a small profit even at that valuation.

Land values with us are dropping at least $5 an acre a year. Since our taxes represent a permanent mortgage of $40 an acre, at 5 per cent, just how far are we from bankruptcy? As a matter of fact, you can almost take your pick of our farms by simply assuming the mortgage on them, a mortgage that is sometimes fully $20 an acre more than you could realize by putting the place up and selling it. The corn borer will reach me this season. His history is to depreciate the value of the land $20 an acre. How much will be left then?

The most thoughtful men in my community say that from two to five more years like the last ones have been will bankrupt half the farmers in this section. Personally, I think that two years will do it. Many of them are carefully concealing the fact that they are so now, and the banks and loan companies are also concealing the fact, for they dare not foreclose.

In view of this situation, is it any wonder that we ask for relief of a substantial nature? Did not the McKinley tariff make the steel industry? Did not the Adamson Law directly benefit the railroad worker by class legislation? Did not the Esch-Cummins Law relieve a long-suffering and half-starved railroad system and put it on its feet?

I do not question your motives, but, while I cannot prove it, I am sure that your reasoning is wrong with regard to this McNary-Haugen Bill. You think that it would increase production. I want to tell you that in my own case every bit of skill, every moment of time, all the secrets of soil, rotations, pure breeding, and fertility go to bringing out

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maximum production. I simply *must* do so if I pay the taxes. It is not history that we farmers work harder when life is easier for us. In 1918, by actual figures, we worked several hours less per day than we have ever since the slump. Neither is it history that a rise in price of any given crop necessarily means an increased production the following year.

In 1915–16 winter wheat advanced from 94 cents to $1.62. Theoretically, there should have been a large increase in acreage in 1917, but instead there was a decrease of one million acres. In 1915–16 spring wheat advanced from 86 cents to $1.52. In 1917 the acreage sown increased one per cent.

In 1920–1 winter wheat dropped from $1.48 to 95 cents. In 1922 there was an increase of two million acres sown. In 1920–1 spring wheat dropped from $1.30 to 85 cents, and the following year there was a decrease of 1½ per cent in acreage. In 1916–17 corn advanced from 89 cents to $1.30, but in 1918 we planted to corn twelve million fewer acres than the previous year. In 1919–20 corn dropped from $1.34 to 67 cents, and 1921 saw an increase of two million acres planted. The above are Department of Agriculture figures.

In short, when prices are low we simply have to put out large acreage and increase production in order to get enough money.

It is said that this bill is price fixing. Is it any more price fixing than any tariff law?

It is said that it guarantees a profit to the elevators, packers, processors, etc., who would handle our crops. For many years the Government has hired the railroads to haul the mails. All of us expect them to make a fair profit out of the work, but we do not guarantee such profit, nor do we discontinue the mail service on account of it. The two cases are entirely parallel. The entire theory that has been built up against this bill is in error. We must have relief, and we intend to do so. No one asks for very high prices for farm products, but just a little. A little higher price is as likely to decrease production as anything else because we will not have to dig so hard to get the money to live on.

The President does not come within a mile of understanding the bill, or of grasping the situation. I know nothing about politics, but sober business men, the best we have, say it will not do at all to have him in for another term; that we must have a man of broader mind, one who understands the West, and one who can grasp the situation.

Mechanicsburg, Ohio. CHARLES B. WING.

Discipline from Spain

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

LAST week we printed from our European Editorial Correspondent an account of Miguel Primo de Rivera as Dictator of Spain's internal affairs. As Dr. Baldwin pointed out in that issue, General Primo has changed his military Dictatorship into a civil one. In the accompanying article Dr. Baldwin describes the effect of that Dictatorship upon Spain's neighbors. Naturally, he emphasizes its military aspects and the possible results in the readjustment of European military power.

THE EDITORS.

SPAIN was once a mighty Power abroad. She is so no longer. Should she again become so, she may possibly trace the rebeginning to an impetus from one man, Miguel Primo de Rivera, Marquis de Estella.

He is a native of Jeréz (or Xeres), more familiar to us under its English name of Sherry.

True to family traditions, Primo de Rivera followed a soldier's calling. Like some other notable soldiers of history, he has also had a statesmanlike point of view.

Morocco

FOR instance, many years ago, after his first Moroccan service, he warned his countrymen of the dreadful drain upon the nation's vitality by the continued occupation of the Spanish Zone across the straits. This zone runs inland some fifty miles from the coast. Until now the Spaniards have never been able to subdue the natives of the interior.

Spaniards in general, then as now, trusted Primo's good intentions and his wisdom. But so stiff-necked was the Government in power that his suggestion of a final solution of the Moroccan problem in a retiral from the country, keeping only such easily defended coast towns as Melilla and Ceuta, cost him his position of Captain-General at Cadiz.

A generation ago the latest Moroccan [illegible]r with Spain started with her punitive expedition to avenge a Moorish attack on a mine near Melilla. The history of that campaign is pathetic; the Spaniards went from disaster to disaster.

They had abandoned some two hundred posts before the Directory came along in 1923, and, with it, not only the Dictator's continually closer attention, but also, as it turned out, the intimate and welcome co-operation of the French, more than ever active in their far wider protectorate.

The new rule was signalized by the establishment of the so-called Primo de Rivera line, reaching from the French Zone to the Mediterranean. The Moroccan chief, Abd-el-Krim, tried repeatedly to break this line, but in vain. His final surrender was an infinite relief, in life and treasure, to long-suffering Spain.

This was followed by the repatriation of a large portion of the Expeditionary Corps, and is now being followed by a saving of a tenth in the Spanish Budget, events welcomed by all parties.

The whole affair means a great feather in General Primo's cap, for it is regarded as a final and no longer a temporary decision. Of course, no official hailed the close of the war more than did he. Not only has he had to discipline Spain for three and one-half years, but during most of that time has had to rule at arm's length from Morocco.

As Spain's first interest beyond seas is, of course, Morocco, Spaniards take immense pride in the fact that, finally, enough discipline has come out of supposedly decadent Spain to set their Zone right.

This could not have been done at all but for General Primo's prestige with the army; indeed, he could not have dreamed of carrying out his stroke of state in 1923 had he not been sure of united military support. Hence, after the Directory was started, the Dictator's primal duty was to keep the army still lined up solidly behind him.

At first, despite the ambitions of disappointed officers, this was comparatively easy. Then, as economies were

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instituted through reducing the number of generals, colonels, and officers of all grades, the task became harder. Finally, last summer, the Artillery Officers' Corps openly revolted. According to its traditions, promotion in it was only by seniority. This flatly contradicted the Dictator's principle of promotion by merit. The King signed the law establishing this reform. The Corps rebelled. General Primo disbanded the Corps. If this be disorganizing the army, let Primo's enemies make the best of it.

Tangier and Other Foreign Affairs

DURING the Moroccan War rebels from the Spanish Zone found refuge and help in the adjoining territory and city of Tangier, internationalized in 1911, and during the present period of pacification a troublesome neighbor. Hence Spain wants it included in the Spanish Zone, even if, anyway, she did not want to add it territorially and economically to that Zone, in which it forms an enclave. Meanwhile the Sultan of Morocco remains nominally sovereign, but an international commission administers the town and harbor.

Spain's demand last September seemed then like a hold-up condition for her remaining in the League of Nations. On February 9, 1927, however, at Paris, Spain opened formal negotiations with unwilling France, to be followed doubtless by negotiations with equally unwilling England.

Foreseeing defeat, the local press here is publishing terms on which Spain might accept settlement. Among them are:

Suppression of the International Control Commission,

Abolition of the post of Administrator,

Reduction of the Legislative Assembly to the status of an international municipal council,

Substitution for the present Mixed Tribunals of Spanish Law Courts, in which, however, the judges would be aided by representatives of the Powers,

Merger of the International Gendarmerie with the Spanish Military Police,

Reorganization of the customs and taxation services (in European hands since the Algeciras Treaty of 1906).

In the above particular attention is directed towards the Administratorship as affording a possible basis of compromise. For the first six years after the taking effect of the existing convention (that is, from May, 1924) the Administrator, this document provides, shall be a Frenchman. He is also the Legislative Assembly's executive officer. After his term of office expires, a successor shall be chosen from one of the Algeciras signatories.

Underwood & Underwood

General Primo de Rivera at his desk

Hence other nations may claim their say, and thus the Tangier problem, supposed to have been settled by the agreement of December 18, 1923, again becomes one of international importance.

Of its latest phase the world will probably very shortly hear more, especially if, as the Spanish Dictator's friends fear, he should overplay his disciplinary hand—as attempted with the League, and also in his wholesale policy of banishing political opponents. A story is told to the effect that one day he presented himself before the King with an outrageously long list of distinguished Spaniards destined for banishment. The monarch read the list and then remarked: "There is a name missing. I will add it." He did so. He had written his own name. He handed the list back to the Dictator. A pause. Primo saw the point and tore up the list.

Outside of Morocco, the Marquis de Estella has shown his hand in treaties with Italy and Switzerland. Of these also the world may hear more hereafter. They provide for settlement of disputes through conciliation and arbitration.

At the Dictator's instance, the King and Queen of Spain have made a state visit to the King and Queen of Italy. This event was the more striking in view of Spain's peculiarly close relations to the Roman See, as it was the first visit of a Spanish sovereign to the Eternal City since United Italy came into being.

Last summer, by unexpected increases in his high tariff system, the Dictator actually disciplined Great Britain. He penalized British goods. The London Government protested. Hence revisions of the commercial treaties with both Britain and France are now under negotiation. It is interesting to note that in Spanish foreign trade we Americans are maintaining the lead secured last year, and that France has passed Great Britain, even though the Spaniards continue to maintain their exports to the Britishers to the maximum.

Thus, commercially, there has latterly been considerable advertisement for Spain. More spectacular, however, have been the air flights from Madrid to Manila and the Argentine.

Conclusion

FOUR and five years ago many people would have been surprised to think that Dictatorships in Italy and Spain should last as long as they have.

They have not only remained in power. Evidently they are stronger than ever.

This has been due, first, to their own inherent force.

It is also due to a not inconsiderable degree to the absence of any very really redoubtable opposition in either country.

In addition, both Benito Mussolini, for Italy, and Primo de Rivera, for

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Spain, have been careful not to alienate the sympathies of general public opinion.

In each country, however, Dictatorship success rests, respectively, with one man. Despite marvelous discipline, the system, as system, is not yet sufficiently self-guiding.

San Sebastián, Spain.

Don't Let Anybody Tell You Different

A Second Article from One Who Has Paid High for His Information

By CULPRIT 49,068

AS in all walks of life, there are times when we see "pull and influence" take the place of "merit and worth" with the prison parole board. And, as politics will be politics, distribution of clemency for political purposes goes merrily on. But this is not the fault of the indeterminate sentence law; it is because of the frailties of those administering it. And to prevent those anti-parole individuals from doing any more harm to the most sensible piece of legislation in the history of our penal institutions I am going to put myself on record that the indeterminate sentence is not to blame when paroled prisoners ignore the admonition to go and sin no more. Technically, no one is to blame but the prisoner himself. But, morally, a great deal of the blame can be placed on the system that failed to uncriminalize him before foisting him off on a parole board, and upon a busy outside world who gave him the "bum's rush" instead of a job of work. But that's not what we were talking about. Getting back to the indeterminate sentence again, I will try to show you why, when compared with the old determinate sentence, it is the lesser of two evils.

UNDER the peremptory or flat sentence régime, law violators came to the penitentiary to serve sentences fixed and determined by the trial judge. The evils of this system, in time, became widely apparent. A prisoner sentenced for one year (and there were many with cute little epigrams of that sort), regardless of bad conduct or lack of evidence of reformation, regardless of a long record of previous convictions (ofttimes unknown by or concealed from the trial judge), could be held no longer than the time fixed by the Court. And out he went at the expiration of his little vacation—grinning. But under the indeterminate sentence law, providing, of course, it is interpreted wisely, sentences are only limited by satisfactory proof of reformation.

How can a judge, simply by looking at a prisoner for a few moments, know how long it will take to teach him to think and act right? When a judge sets a specific time within which this reformation is to take place, it is just about as sensible as it would be for a physician to order a patient to a hospital for three and one-half days as a cure for scarlet fever or housemaid's knee. Neither of these learned gentlemen know how long it will take to effect a cure. So why should they set a term that is ineffective through being too short, or unjust through being too long? Why not send your wayward Tom, Dick, and Harriet to prison until they can convince an intelligent, efficient, and incorruptible examining board that they are fit to roam at large? And until they can convince such a board—whose training and experience should permit them to judge sanely and accurately, and not depend on mere guesswork—Tom, Dick, and Harriet should be kept in segregation in spite of money, influence, or politics. And when you begin to do something like that, you will get a value received for your tax dollars that will surprise you.

There is nothing which produces a more pernicious effect on imprisoned men than the belief that an injustice has been done them by the State. With our criminal code chuck-full of felony statutes, and hundreds of judges to exercise the discretion they allow, it is impossible that there should not be gross inequalities in many of the sentences they impose. Each judge exercises his own judgment, is influenced by his own peculiar prepossessions. No two of them, acting separately, are likely to agree in their sentences. The period of a convict's confinement, if determinate sentences are meted out, will therefore depend quite as much upon which judge tries him as upon the law under which he is tried. These inequalities are not governed by any rule, and the reason does not appear.

THERE are the cases of Teddy and Frank, for instance. Teddy, a twenty-year-old boy, whose home is somewhere below the Mason-Dixon line, drifted into one of our Ohio cities and stole an automobile that he found parked on one of the streets. He used this machine two days in sightseeing trips about the town before being apprehended and the uninjured auto recovered and restored to its owner. He pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to serve no less than ten and not more than fifteen years in the Ohio Penitentiary. A twenty-year-old stripling, guilty of a minor felony, committed to the major penal institution of this State for a term equaling the sentence of a second-degree murderer!

Frank, however, who was considerably older and had a previous record for indiscretions, was sentenced on the same day, in the same court-house, but by a different judge, to serve a term of from one to fifteen years for a similar offense—auto stealing. Now imagine, if you can, how Teddy felt when he was tossed into the same cell with Frank and they got to comparing notes.

If a parole board functions wisely, it is both a medium of relief and correction. Sentences are equalized, and the "overboiled" (those who show no evidence of reformation) and the mental defectives (whose processes of thought make them "habituals") may, in the interest of public safety, be kept out of mischief during the maximum prescribed by law. Correct and proper. This type should be segregated for always. They are past redemption. Prison doesn't hurt them—nothing would; and it doesn't help them—nothing could. Then occasionally shrewd rustlers with strong and mystifying political connections bargain with the State's attorney and "cop a plea," thus avoiding the discoveries incident to trial and securing a lenient sentence. When the prison Bertillon department uncovers these "gentlemen with pull"—and it very seldom fails—the indeterminate sentence law permits a lengthening of their sentences in proportion to the public danger their freedom involves.

Of course, I'll grant you that parole boards, not being gifted with clairvoyance, sometimes err in judgment. Not strange. Cases, worthy and unworthy,

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are constantly brought to their attention by relatives, friends, and organizations. The resort to "influence" is unceasing. And the tears of a loving wife or a gray-haired, toil-worn old mother play on the heart-strings of the most callous. And so sometimes they make mistakes. But so do we all. Some of the men appointed to public offices by Presidents and governors betray public trust. Wise, cool-headed bankers gather about the directors' table and pick from the best young men they can find; but the tellers and cashiers who land in the penitentiary demonstrate that the judgment of all men is not infallible. But when a parole board occasionally extends clemency to a prisoner who again slips back into evil ways, does a charitable public and a friendly press take cognizance of the fact that they have to pick, not from the best, but from the persons with whom the home, the school, and the church have failed? Ah, no. We see in giant type emblazoned across the front pages of our newspapers, "EX-CONVICT STEALS TWO HAMS!" Yet when more than eight hundred of my fellow-prisoners were recently converted at a series of home-talent revival meetings, and were taken in as members of our Community Church, the newspapers gave this miracle a four-line announcement—in the "Lost and Found" column!

Still another class, which consists largely of your veteran police officers, contends that unenforceable laws are greatly to blame for the tremendous increase of crime. Lend those boys your ears—they're not as wrong as you may think.

WONDER how many denizens of this Land of the Free really know what their Legislatures did to them in the past five years. Hold on to your seats for a moment, and I'll break the bad news. Just 75,000 new laws have been written onto your already overcrowded statutes in that period of time! (And we've been kicking about them doing a little harmless Senatorial investigating!) Some writing that, when you stop to consider that we only have forty-nine legislative bodies! One cannot help but wonder what those boys could do if they were not handicapped by short sessions. But one wonders still harder how on earth we are ever going to get these laws enforced. If we can believe the Bible, and a great many of us still do, they fell down badly on the enforcement end when they were trying to run the world on ten—the Ten Commandments. Ask Moses, he knows. In this State alone, where an eminent jurist found 1,142 offenses punishable by fines and imprisonment, we have more than 500 felonies in our criminal code under which the violators can be sentenced to penal servitude. Yet the three-thousand-odd inmates of this penitentiary—a fairly efficient wrecking crew, if you ask me—working day and night shifts, could not shatter more than eighty-one of these five hundred legal "Thou Shalt Nots." Whether this indicates laxity in law enforcement or sheer laziness on the part of my boy friends, I am not prepared to say. But I do think we'd have been much better off to-day if we had more "birth control" in regard to conception of laws.

BUT lax enforcement, Swiss cheese laws, loophole lawyers, mischief glands, drooling sentimentality, politics, bobbed hair, short skirts—none of these, pernicious as they may or may not be, is your most prolific source of crime. The one thing which has done more harm to this country than all the other crime-breeding conditions combined—and you're going to hate me for saying so—is nothing more or less than parental neglect. And don't let anybody tell you different.

The attempt to shift the responsibility for the waywardness of our youngsters onto institutions and their substitutes is a futile attempt on the part of the parents to pass the buck. In the name of Heaven, how long is it going to take them to learn that schools, reformatories, courts, and even churches, cannot supplant common-sense parental training? If you want your boy and girl to pass through life without acquiring the taint of convict, you've got to give them the right sort of training at home. We are living in a day of speed, where the temptations have increased tremendously; old standards and scruples have been tossed gayly aside. And if boys and girls are not properly disciplined and guided in the home, while still in the plastic age, they will not have the mental and physical stamina to mingle with the throng in the competitive conflict with present-day life.

"Isn't it a shame?" a lady welfare worker recently remarked when she saw three "Dick Turpins" all under eighteen years of age among a batch of new arrivals in our guard-room. "They look as though they came from good homes, too!" But did they? They may have come from good families—many of our new recruits do—but any time a boy or girl of sixteen steps out on the path those three kids took you can bet every cent you have that what was responsible was the lack of a good home. Bathtubs, radios, servants, and all the modern improvements may have been in their homes; but if the old-fashioned home atmosphere and discipline were not there, they were not good homes in any sense of the word.

Glancing over the records of one hundred repeaters, many of whom have been in and out of prison so often that one might say they were serving life on the installment plan, I discovered that sixty-five of them had had no home training after they were past fifteen years of age. Is it any wonder that they took the road to ruin? Environment is everything in the life of a youngster. If he lives in a home where there is little or no respect for the law (or some laws), if his home has been broken up and he drifts among bad associates and forms vicious and criminal habits, it's just a question of time until the newspapers will have his picture spread out all over the front page.

THEN what do you do? Allow me to answer for you. You clap them into your nearest training school for crime—at present designated as jails, workhouses, and penitentiaries—and let a vicious environment take its course. And when some of them come out and leap at your throat again, you wonder why! What's surprising about that? What are you doing to prevent it? I'll answer that one too. Nothing.

You merely toss them into a more or less sanitary cage—mostly less; force the most vicious associates extant upon them; sometimes keep them in slothful idleness when you should be teaching them the safe and sane habits of labor; surround them with a myriad of nonsensical, goose-stepping rules which simply beg to be broken (and are), thereby causing a never-ending conflict between the prisoners and their keepers—the sort of men whom $100 a month and a little authority attracts and holds. And then, when they are mentally, physically, and morally ready for the scrap-heap, out into the world you dump them, untrained, unscrupulous, ofttimes practically penniless—and just about as harmless as a trip-hammer loaded with nitroglycerine.

"WHAT'S wrong with our prisons?" did I hear you ask? As prisons there is nothing wrong with them except that none are large enough. But as reformatories and penitentiaries they are misnomers in every sense of the word. Why? Because they are operated on the archaic and futile principle of "an eye for an eye"—a system which makes men worse instead of better, and turns them out a greater menace than when they

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A group of Intramural Athletes at the Ohio Penitentiary

In the center sits Chaplain Reed, of the Ohio Penitentiary, and about him are grouped the O. P. Grays, 1925–6 pennant winners in the Saturday afternoon league, and victors over some of the best semi-professional teams in the Middle West. Several of the men have been assured of a try-out with a big league team when their terms expire. This is one way of operating a "penal institution" as something else than a "sanitary cage"

came in. In other words, your reformatories are not reforming and your penitentiaries are not making men penitent. And as long as you continue to operate them as such you will run them at a loss—a loss not only of the millions of hard-earned tax dollars it takes to support them, but of thousands of perfectly good social assets—reclaimable men. Try to grasp that; it's not just idle talk.

I've seen boys come into prison for offenses that were trivial—ofttimes just boyish pranks. And I've seen these same boys go out and come back a short time later for crimes they could never have committed had it not been for the vicious influence of the prison "Fagins" and because their first term was an idiotic "eye for an eye" matter, and completely failed to teach them to become wage earners instead of takers.

You don't have to operate your penal institutions in a manner that would bankrupt the best-financed private corporation. With a small investment and a great deal of practical management, every penal institution in this country could be entirely self-supporting, and still not be unfair to free labor. How? That's easily answered. Every State, county, and many cities have large institutions—havens filled almost to overflowing with thousands of practically helpless unfortunates. The blind, the deaf and dumb, the imbecile, the insane, the epileptic, the feeble-minded, the tubercular, the orphans, the aged poor, crippled soldiers and sailors—all of these require large quantities of supplies, which must be paid for out of the pockets of their more fortunate fellow-citizens, the taxpayers; the same taxpayers who are digging down deep into the family sock to support an increasing number of strong, able-bodied prisoners in comparative idleness. By utilizing this man-power, now going to waste, most of the needs of these unfortunates could be raised or manufactured by the State.

Picture for yourselves a large, efficiently operated prison farm, raising grains, vegetables, and cattle; picture convict-operated flour and cereal mills, canning factories, slaughter and packing houses, preparing these products, not for sale in the open market, but for consumption only by the various tax-supported institutions. Carry the analogy still further by visualizing a woolen and textile mill busily turning out cloth to be used as wearing apparel, bed and table covering, toweling, mattress and pillow ticking, blankets—all sorts of cotton and woolen piece goods; a knitting mill knitting underwear and hosiery; a brick plant baking thousands of cheap paving brick for our now so expensive highways; a soap factory that can produce all sorts of soaps, insecticides, disinfectants, scouring powders, starches, and sodas, and could operate on the off-products of the packing-house. And then, when you have firmly embedded this picture on your brain, drop into a prison Idle House, where hundreds of men sit all day long on wooden benches, doing nothing for weeks, months, at a time—nothing but sit there and brood until the sordid environment drives them insane or into a "By God, some one is going to pay me for this!" attitude, when they are willing listeners to the "wise guys," who are only too glad to dwell on various ways and means to extract this payment. And if such a sight-seeing trip doesn't make you swear out loud, you can truthfully call me a boll weevil. Come on in, and get your cussing over with.

EVENTUALLY, you will cease to operate your penal institutions as training schools for yeggs, dips, forgers, and hijackers, and you will begin to operate them as self-supporting safeguards to the mass of society, with an output of butchers, bakers, and candlestick makers. Eventually, too, you will plug up your Swiss cheese laws, and will say to your peanut politicians, "Keep your hands off our courts and prisons!" and

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see that they do it. Eventually, perhaps, you will restore the wholesome home life we used to know and re-establish common-sense parental training. It may take a long time for these things to come about. But when they do, you will have gone a long way toward solving your crime problem. And don't let anybody tell you different.

The Phenomenon of the Bank of Italy

A New Portent in the Sky of National Economic Life

By Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy

WHAT is the Bank of Italy? It is, surprisingly, an American enterprise in America. It is the mammoth embodiment of the principle of branch banking, the danger of which to the Federal Reserve System caused the passage of the McFadden Bill, equalizing the rights of National banks and State banks like the Bank of Italy. It is the suddenly reared figurehead of the European system of centralized banking power as against the American system of localized bank resources. But, beneath this definition of its phenomenal situation, what is it? What are its springs, its motive, its nature?

The answer to these questions is a personality, Amadeo P. Giannini. It is he who engineered the establishment of the Bank of Italy in San Francisco in 1904 with capital of some $150,000. It is principally he who caused his little "Dagotown bank" to climb the ladder of increasing resources and power: $2,500,000 in 1908; $11,000,000 in 1912; nearly $40,000,000 in 1916; $157,465,000 in 1920; $700,000,000 in 1927. The Bank of Italy operates 276 banking offices in California under its own name. In twenty-two years the bank stock has risen to more than six times its par value. Its annual dividends have increased from 5 to 18 per cent, and the holders of its stock have multiplied until they number 35,000.

THIRTY years ago the man who is mainly responsible for this amazing development was a wholesale commission salesman in fruits, vegetables, and produce, who in the early hours of each morning, long before it was light, would ply his business on the San Francisco water-front, meeting the boats laden with fresh foodstuffs from the Sacramento Valley. He had been born in San José, California. His father died when he was nine years old; and when, some years later, his mother married again, this time one Lorenzo Scatena, a wholesale commission merchant, and moved to San Francisco, the boy Giannini, just turned twelve, plunged into his stepfather's business with that astounding energy and amazing capacity for work which has characterized him ever since. He arose daily about midnight, worked on the water-front until school time, put in several hours of office work after school, went to bed at eight o'clock, and stood at the head of every one of his classes.

His progress was rapid, but not rapid enough to satisfy him; and, in one of those flashes of insight peculiar to him, he realized that what he needed was a thorough business training. He immediately left the grammar school and took a business college course, still working all night and studying all day, determined to learn every angle of the fiercely competitive business upon which he had entered. While still in his teens he was recognized as one of the best buyers and salesmen on the coast; and he was forever devising new methods of doing business. So great was his success that by the time he was nineteen young Giannini was a full partner in the firm, and rapidly he became its outstanding figure.

Notwithstanding all this, Giannini, at the age of thirty-one, with a sufficient capital accumulated to afford him an income of about $5,000 a year, decided to retire. As far as he could see, he had won every field there was to be won in the business, and as a consequence he lost active interest in the game. So to real estate he devoted the next two years of his energies.

BUT one of the San Francisco banks patronized largely by Italians had elected Giannini to its Board of Directors. The business of finance appealed to him immediately. He determined to study it in its every detail, threw himself into the work with characteristic energy, and presently became convinced that a policy being followed by the bank was not good and should be changed. He laid the matter before his fellow-members, but his proposals were turned down. He reasoned patiently with them, but they would not hear; and then and there Giannini made his decision. He would start a bank of his own. He interested a group of the most progressive business men of Italian parentage. Among them they put up the necessary capital. The new bank was incorporated on August 10, 1904.

In all this dramatic story of the Bank of Italy, the most intense period was that of the last two months of 1926 and the first month of the present year. For some time prior to November of last year the Bank of Italy had been plowing its way through to ever greater expansion in the face of persistent opposition on the part of both the Governor of California and his State Superintendent of Banks. Making use of the discretionary powers granted him under the State banking laws, the State Superintendent of Banks, Mr. John Franklin Johnson, had steadily refused to allow the Bank of Italy to open *de novo* banks in the Los Angeles district.

It was quite evident that for the Bank of Italy to make the progress it desired in expansion a friendly Governor and a friendly Bank Superintendent would have to be installed at Sacramento. The Bank of Italy had to work against time. A new Governor would be elected in November and inaugurated in January; and it was fully recognized that the McFadden Bill, which would have the effect of curtailing drastically the spread of branch banking, would be passed some time during the session of Congress commencing in December. During the year 1926 negotiations were going on in all directions for the purchase of banks and the completion of mergers ready against the time when action would be possible. To what extent the Bank of Italy used its enormous influence throughout the State to secure the election of Governor Young it is impossible to say. However that may be, Governor Young was elected. Shortly after he was elected Mr. Johnson, the State Superintendent of Banks, resigned and Mr. Will C. Wood, formerly State Superintendent of Public Instruction, was installed in his place. Within a very short time things began to move. In the words of the old nursery rhyme,

> The cat began to chase the rat,
> The rat began to gnaw the rope,
> The rope began to hang the butcher,
> The butcher began to kill the cow,
> The cow began to drink the water,
> The water began to quench the fire,

and so on, until finally "the old lady," this time in the person of the Bank

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Italy, with all her belongings "got home that night" just in time—just as the curtain was rung down on further expansion by the passage of the McFadden Bill.

More than 270 branches; more than $700,000,000 in assets! Mr. Wood spent a large part of his time during his first few weeks in office in signing permits and approving mergers. Every day, almost, saw the completion of some astounding new developments, the Bank of Italy stock leaped anywhere from ten to thirty points a day on the local Stock Exchange. Last November Bank of Italy stock was being quoted round about 460; to-day it is rapidly moving towards 700.

But that is only part of the story. Behind the Bank of Italy is the Bancitaly Corporation, which was formed, in the words of one of its directors, "to do everything that the Bank of Italy cannot do;" to buy and to sell, to hold or improve anything with the possibility of profit, from a radio shop to a railroad—a "vast investment trust corporation," as one quite friendly writer recently put it, "whose ramifications now extend all over the United States by reason of its holdings in most of the substantial banks in the country and its investments in choice real estate," and which "has become an eighth wonder of the world." In California the Bancitaly Corporation owns shares to any extent from 100 to 10,000 in the most important banks in the State. Outside of California, within the United States, the Bancitaly Corporation owns shares in the most important banks in Atlanta, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland, Kansas City, Minneapolis, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Washington. In New York the Bancitaly Corporation already controls three banks and has shares in twenty others.

The Bancitaly Corporation, moreover, by no means confines its operations to the United States. It has all the world for its field. To take only one phase of its activities, it holds shares in the more important banks in Amsterdam, Berlin, Brussels, Copenhagen, Dublin, Edinburgh, London, Milan, Montreal, Oslo, Paris, Rome, Stockholm, Toronto, Vienna, and Zurich. The Corporation, it is interesting to note, holds shares in the Bank of England, the Bank of Scotland, and the Bank of Ireland; has a controlling interest in the Bank of America and the Bank of Italy in Rome; and is a considerable shareholder in the Reichsbank in Berlin.

What is it all coming to?

I remember, a few months ago, discussing the question with one of the officials of the Bank of Italy. We were joking about it, and I pointed out to him that the list of holdings of the Bancitaly Corporation issued some time previously showed that the Corporation held 100 shares in the Bank of England, and that a later list issued showed that this holding had been increased to 200. I asked him if the Bank of Italy hoped ultimately to absorb the Bank of England. He laughingly said that he did not know about that, but added that it was the aim of the Bancitaly Corporation ultimately to hold shares in all the important banks in the world.

Why? I put that question to another banker in San Francisco the other day, and he told me that he had long been quite at a loss for an answer.

I have sometimes thought that the solution of the riddle lay simply enough in the primitive appetite of the human mind for power—just raw power, using the word in the sense of raw material. There are certain types of men, and often they are splendid types of men, who maintain regular junk-shops of power on the very just assumption that all power can be used some time. They see with a clarity which you and I may be incapable of that a dollar bill is just the same dollar bill whether it comes to us by way of a shoe-shine parlor or the interest on a Liberty Bond. The Bancitaly Corporation, if I may say so without offense, is a very high class junk-shop of power; and, sooner or later, in some way or other, every bit of this power will be set to work. As it goes on enlarging its borders, each new acquisition of power will be added to a field of that particular power already great, until each particular field may conceivably extend to monopolistic proportions.

There may be a great deal in such a program that seems unfair. I am quite aware that in the Bank of Italy is seen only the clearest expression of a tendency, observable everywhere throughout the world, but especially in this country—a tendency towards the wiping out or absorbing of the small man, whether he makes a motor car or runs a bank. What is to be the end thereof I do not know. As a statesman remarked to me some years ago, one summer afternoon in New York, "I tremble when I think what the world will be like fifty years from now when the great mass of the people, bound to loyalty by their own investments, are drawing high wages for a life spent in 'putting in bolt 9' while a few stand above and direct."

On the other hand, I have before me as I write a letter from a close friend of Mr. Giannini giving me what he declares is the real answer. It is full of that generous enthusiasm which Mr. Giannini seems to inspire, and I make no excuse for quoting it practically in full. This friend writes:

When the fire and earthquake of 1906 racked the city of San Francisco, Giannini was on the verge of becoming what we know as "a man of wealth." The produce business from which he had divorced himself as the active head had become the largest on the Pacific coast, his real estate holdings had experienced a remarkable growth in value, and the bank (his newest venture) was well over its first hurdles, having been on a substantial dividend-paying basis for nearly two years. He was within a hand's-breadth of being a millionaire.

And then on that April morning, with the suddenness of the earthquake itself, he was confronted with the possibility of losing all. . . .

Picking his way through the ruins of the burning city, Giannini encountered a friend of long standing, and as they paused for exchange of greetings, while the fire still raged close at hand, the principles upon which he has built up his institutions were informally phrased. "I had a million within my grasp," Giannini said, "but I have learned my lesson. I shall never again permit myself to be placed in the position where material possessions of my own might mean so much to me. I am determined that I will not be a rich man. From now on, what I do will be for the benefit of other people."

The best evidence that Giannini has kept his word lies in the fact that to-day his personal wealth is less than a quarter of a million dollars. This is in spite of the fact that he has built up organizations whose resources approximate a billion dollars, and has carried many of his associates to fortune through those enterprises. . . .

He has never forgotten the people among whom he made his beginnings, and the fact that 35,000 of these so-called "little fellows" are the stockholders in his institutions speaks eloquently for their belief in him.

Giannini is sincere in his desire not to become a rich man. He does not, even now, receive a salary from the $115,000,000 Bancitaly Corporation, of which he is President. All of his efforts are directed to the end that these thousands of small investors may receive in return every penny that his genius can bring to them.

I hope this is true; indeed, I sincerely believe that is it. The melancholy trouble is that, no matter how true it is, it does not alter the fact that hundreds, and even thousands, of men who a few years ago were, however indifferently, "building the whole car" are to-day, because of the Bank of Italy, settling down for the rest of their lives to the job of "putting in bolt 9."

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Softening the Solid South

By Don C. Seitz

VISITING the South for the first time in a decade, I came back convinced that its solidity is softening. I do not mean by this, political disintegration, for the South was "solid" in more ways than one. Being homogeneous so far as the white population is concerned, it had taken on fixed habits, which were more in the way than frozen politics. It was aristocratic, idle, and perverse. Full of hospitality to those it liked, it gave the cold shoulder to the herd and denied place to interlopers. Lacking the natural energy to produce progress, it would not permit its importation. This made the conduct of business difficult and refused prosperity a chance.

The change that has taken place since I last saw it is remarkable. The towns, particularly in Virginia and the Carolinas, have "smartened up" until they equal in appearance and activity the best of small cities in the North. I have always considered Stamford, Connecticut, a model of this sort. Raleigh, High Point, and Charlotte, North Carolina, are its equals. Winston-Salem is a most creditable city. The architecture is modern, the streets are splendidly paved, and between the Carolina oases run State highways as good as can be found anywhere in the world. Higher education is in better shape than the common variety, but the latter is improving. The fact that the college and special schools are in better condition than the lower grades is due to church activities. The poorer condition of the lower grades is due to the deficiencies of the State system, where past poverty played a great part. North Carolina, spending $29,000,000 a year on schools, can as yet give but six months of primary instruction.

The great change observable, of course, is in industry and intercommunication. For the latter the motor car is entitled to the chief credit, although the railroads are in far better estate than ever before. But it is the automobile that has put prosperity on wheels and started a money flow all over the South, bringing good roads and spreading industrial activity. Service stations dot the landscape and garages are everywhere, each tapping the current of coin. Indeed, the highways can be likened to irrigation ditches, that make the deserts green. Where rural folks rarely saw a dollar, cash is now present in steady quantities.

Good prices for cotton and tobacco have helped, but manufacturing is doing a large part. Furniture-making has become an established industry in many centers, like High Point, Rocky Point, and Asaboro. Winston-Salem and Durham are tobacco towns. Incidentally, North Carolina pays $200,000,000 yearly in revenue into the Federal Treasury.

A further factor in the liquefying process has been the migration of the Negro to the North. The South has always acted as if it could get along neither with nor without the Negro. When the war-time call for labor began moving the black people to the cities of the Northern States, a cry of protest went up. Labor agents were arrested and laws passed to prevent migration. These things were in vain. The Negro went where he was wanted, and great benefits have followed. To begin with, at the best he was poorly employed in the South. Farm labor is seasonal, and between times there was much idleness that could not be overcome. This brought on, of course, stagnation and poverty. Worse than this, the surplusage kept white men out of work. They could not compete with the Negroes in wages and were adverse to dropping to their social level. The cleaning out of the blacks has given white labor a chance, and it is making much of it. The Negroes who have gone North and, have prospered, help their relatives in the South. That adds to the money flow. Dependency was, and still is, a burden on the better-class whites, where Negro servants surround the home of their employers with parasites, who are always dropping in for a bite and getting it. No Southern family will drive out these mild-eyed, insinuating idlers who cling to their kitchens, where a "mammy" is frying chicken and beating biscuit with endless energy. They bow, scrape, smile, and eat!

This expensive echo of the patriarchal system evolved from slavery remains to vex and waste, but it is being mitigated through the migration. Up North the female blacks fit into the cities, doing the domestic work once monopolized by Irish, Swedish, and German girls. The men engage in all sorts of industry, and do their part well. They, too, were latent in the South, and under the restriction of immigration find profitable employment.

So a social and industrial revolution of the first magnitude has gone on and "white supremacy," which felt that it had to sustain itself by force in the South, is coming about by natural processes. Beyond this the motor car and the cost of coal, which were the genesis of the Florida boom, have brought new people from the North to the South. These do not all fit in. Enough, however, lodge to make a dent in the old social solidarity.

Just as before the war Yankee schoolma'ams found much employment in the South, to-day Northern educators are employed in considerable numbers. Harry Woodburn Chase, the eminent President of the University of North Carolina, is a Massachusetts man. Then, as the North goes South by motor in increasing numbers, so the South rides North. The result is a better acquaintance, not so much with people as with institutions, which is, after all, the most important. North and South find they are not so far apart as they thought.

The third generation since the Civil War knows little and cares less about that tragic event. The last of the old Confederates stand on the edge of the grave. Soon there will be no more. The Daughters of the Confederacy do most of their fighting among themselves, as do the Daughters of the American Revolution in the North. The camp-fires of the Confederacy are cinders now, while the Northern Grand Army of the Republic has marched away into the mist.

The South is great with opportunity. It only needed the social changes I have noted to make it inviting. Climate, soil, and living conditions are of the best. Accessibility has come, and with it the conveniences of modern life. The "backward" South is no more backward than much of New England. Indeed, the natives are a good deal alike. Both have the same sort of obstinacy and good opinion of themselves. Both have an antipathy to "foreigners." Both are keen-eyed and perceptive.

The farther South has not kept up with the Carolinas, where for another factor the development of water power has come in strong. But it is opening its eyes and shaking itself. Mississippi newspapers are pointing out that it is as warm as Florida in winter and more fertile. They urge that it "fix itself up" so that the motor travelers who pass through from the West for Florida will find it attractive and stop. Some of them do. More will.

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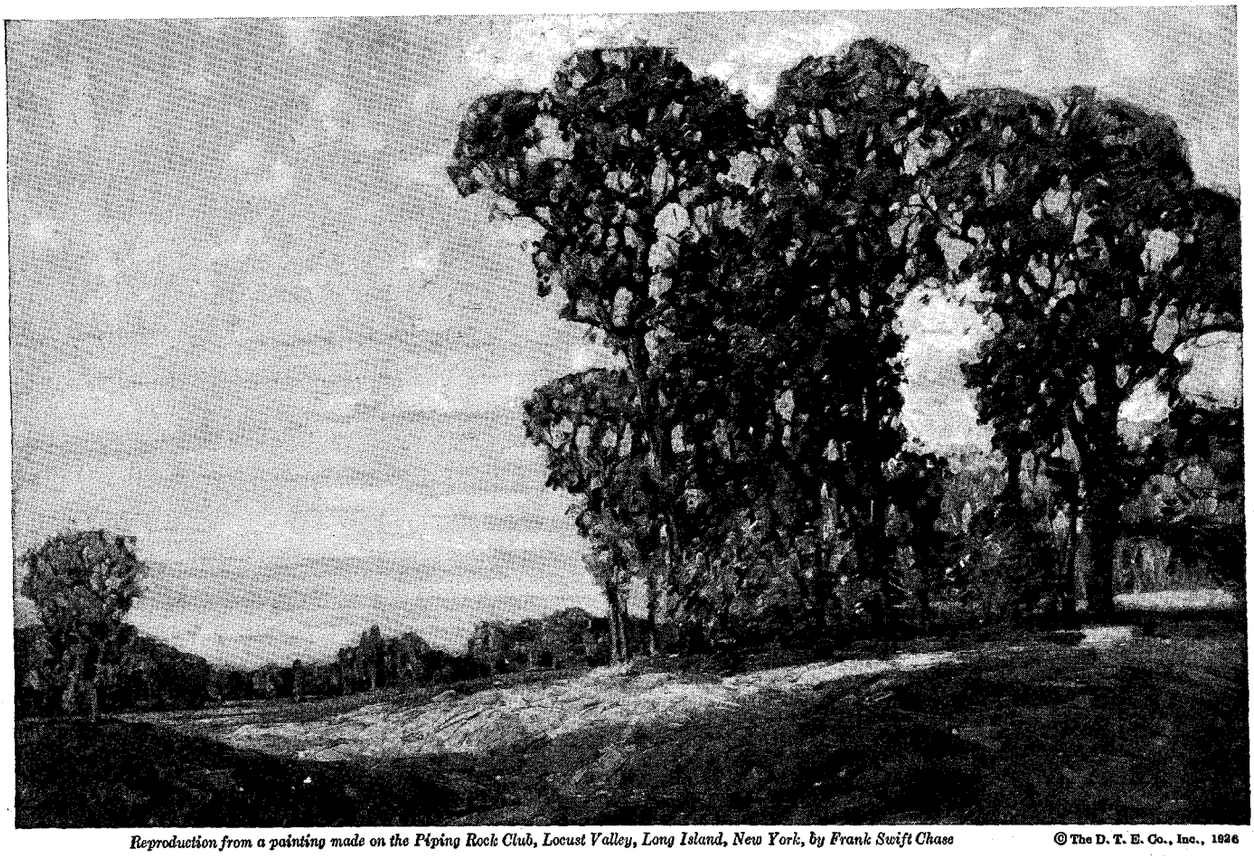

Reproduction from a painting made on the Piping Rock Club, Locust Valley, Long Island, New York, by Frank Swift Chase

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Out in the native woods, nature takes care of the food problem for trees by means of the decaying leaves and grass and other vegetation—even the great trunks of trees fall down and decay and return to earth the same elements that came from the earth. Most trees under natural conditions show excellent vitality—most trees under lawn conditions show varying evidence of starvation.

Do any of your trees look sick? Are they dying back at the top? Are there numerous small dead branches? Are the leaves yellowish and sickly looking? Is the foliage sparse? Such a tree is far gone and in desperate need of quick action. Don't wait until they look that bad.

If a tree is starving, it will show it by shorter annual twig growth. Last year's growth is less than the year before. The growth of the year before is less than that of the preceding year, and so on. A tree either grows or it dies. When it ceases to grow, the end has come.

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

T. R.

TWO or three years ago, when I went to work for The Outlook, some jester asked me if it were true that in the office of this paper whenever the name of Theodore Roosevelt is mentioned every one is expected to rise and make a sign of reverence. I can now say that I have not observed that ceremony, nor have I heard the name Roosevelt mentioned here noticeably oftener than that of two or three other Presidents of the past twenty-five years. As a matter of fact, in this department of The Outlook there has been no emphasis upon that name, but, on the contrary, a quite unjustifiable neglect of the books which are steadily accumulating upon the subject of the life and utterances of the former Contributing Editor. When it happens, furthermore, that one of the most interesting of these books was compiled by the present Contributing Editor, there is no explanation to be given except that I have been remiss in work which should have been done as part of the ordinary course of things. Perhaps my friend's jeer made me timidly avoid the subject.

Despite the hundreds of books and magazine articles which have been written about Colonel Roosevelt, and despite the languid manner of distaste which a few writers still adopt toward a man whose life and political theories always annoyed them (for reasons easy to understand), he remains a fascinating subject; always fresh, interesting, and new. Looking over this long shelf of books last evening, from the admirable and convenient National Edition of his works to the entertaining book by Mr. O. K. Davis, this idea again occurred to me. There is something typical about Mr. Davis's book, because he was long employed as correspondent for a newspaper in opposition to President Roosevelt, and, like so many men thus employed, he was a warm personal friend and admirer. Editors roared and reporters sneered, but personal contact with T. R. had an amazing effect to make them love the man they were fighting. The two volumes of letters between Roosevelt and Lodge contain provocative material enough to make fifty large conventions of pacifists break up in the almost invariable manner of pacifistic meetings—that is, in a first-class fight. The letters of Archie Butt have an especial interest to a man who was a Government clerk in Washington in those days—an outsider with little opportunity for looking in—but who almost daily saw the resplendent figure of Major Butt, who was then setting down in his letters his amusing comment about the curious city of Washington and its conspicuous folk.

It is not wholly pleasant to make such reckonings, but it was nearly thirty years ago, on a lowering evening in November, that I went into Boston from Cambridge to hear a lecture at the Lowell Institute. The weather was indeed ominous, for before I had returned to my room, before midnight, a howling blizzard had developed. It was a bad night for many people, and is still remembered in New England as the night the steamship Portland was lost. Everything was calm in the lecture-room, however. The subject of the address was some topic connected with the development of the Western States. My recollection is that the excellent custom at the Lowell Institute is not to introduce the speaker. The audience know perfectly well what man they have come to hear, and they gather, in placid Bostonian fashion, a few minutes before eight. No time is wasted in pompous oratory nor useless introductions. At eight o'clock the speaker walks upon the empty platform, possibly greeted by applause so subdued that a nervous mouse could not be alarmed. He begins to speak, and he speaks for an hour, and then he stops, following the excellent advice given by the King in "Alice in Wonderland."

On this evening a pleasant-looking gentleman in evening dress delivered the lecture. He was of middle height, blond and blue-eyed. He wore rimless eyeglasses with a cord. Although he was at that moment probably the most conspicuous figure in American public life, although he had just emerged as the most-talked-about man in the war with Spain, and although two or three weeks before he had been elected Governor of the greatest State in the Union, the well-bred Boston audience gave him the usual frosted welcome. There was nothing different in his manner from that of the professors to whom I listened in Cambridge. Now and then he emphasized a sentence in a manner that was amusing and attractive rather than repellent. His face broke into a smile when he spoke of some of the fighting parsons of the pioneer days who might truly (he observed) be said to belong to the "church militant." The smile was contagious, even in that demure audience.

I looked at him with some astonishment. For three years I had seen pictures of his face extraordinarily and comically distorted by caricaturists. For the past six months he had figured every day on the front page of the newspapers as a roaring cowboy and Rough Rider. Yet he did not ride up the aisle in uniform and on a bucking bronco; he did not fire two guns into the air as he cavorted about; he did not uncoil a lariat and haul up to the stage any of the old gentlemen who sat in the front row. It was one of my first disillusionments with the newspapers. Yet I am convinced there were persons in the audience, and many more in the city round about, who confidently expected him to do exactly these things. They never relinquished these expectations. For the next twenty years they were perfectly sure that he was always about to embark on a similar exploit. The human mind is far from being ready to believe the truth. It believes what it wishes to believe.

Nearly ten years later I was coming back into Washington from a walk in Rock Creek Park. It was a little after six in the evening and already deep twilight. Down one of the avenues came an open carriage, a carriage with basket-work around the body. It was drawn by one horse; there was a driver and no other man on the box. In the carriage sat a rather stout gentleman with a black soft hat and dark-blue cloak—a little like a comfortable Dutch farmer returning to his estate. As he came near there was some movement in the top of a tree at the side of the street. Some belated bird, one of the proud grackles of Jackson Square perhaps, was changing his roost. Dim as was the light, and near-sighted as the gentleman in the carriage seemed to be—for I caught the shine of his spectacles—the bird instantly attracted his attention, and I saw him glance upward and turn his head to watch it. As the carriage went to his home on the other side of Jackson Square (for he had been riding horseback in Rock Creek Park) the girl with whom I was walking told me of an

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incident which she had seen a few months before, and near the same place. It was in front of the house of the Secretary of State. The same gentleman in the blue cloak had been calling on the Secretary, and as she passed the house he came down the steps and seated himself on the back seat of a two-seated carriage. Then he seemed to change his mind, and decide that he wished to ride on the seat with the driver. Instead of getting out and climbing in again, he put one hand on the back of the seat and neatly vaulted over. She laughed as she told it, and remarked:

"I doubted if there had ever before been a President of the United States who would have done that—or who *could* have done it."

Ten years later still, in a room in a club-house in New York, I happened to see him again. It chanced to be war time, and that I was wearing a military uniform in which I was little use to any one. A pettifogging Government had kept him from being in uniform, in which, as everybody knows now, he would have been worth three or four regiments of ordinary soldiers and two or three thousand second lieutenants of my experience and accomplishments. Presuming on the fact that we were members of the same club, I ventured to bow, and he cordially returned it. He had no strong prejudices against a uniform.

"What is your regiment, sir?"

I told him that it was an organization that seemed to be permanently stuck within a hundred miles of New York, and that except for the fact that I didn't get such good food, I had as well be an interned German prisoner. He smiled the characteristic smile.

"Never you mind that! You're in it, and that's the chief thing."

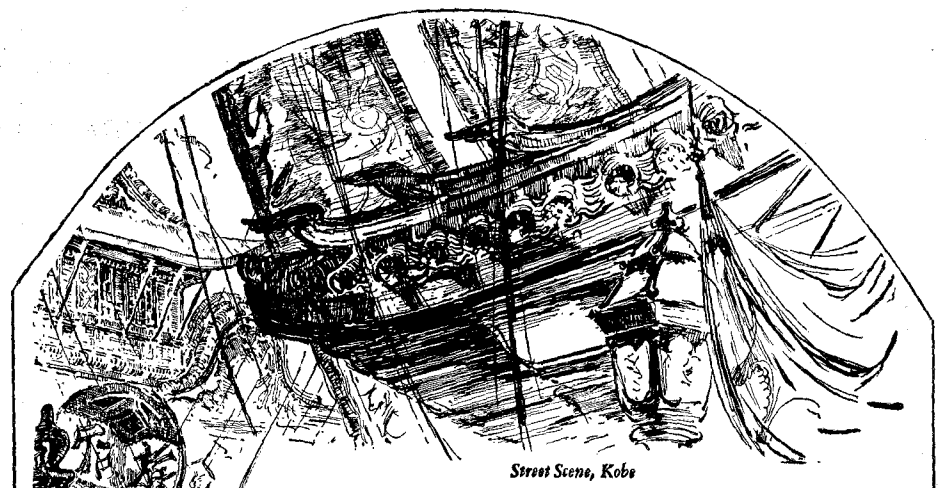
Then I spoke of some of the amusing expressions of discontent from my fellow-officers who were stuck with silly jobs in a camp in this country.

"I can understand that. I remember that in my regiment"—

(And his voice went up to the familiar and amusing falsetto which seemed to mean that he knew how many satirical allusions had been made to his references to his beloved regiment.)

"I remember that I had a great sight more trouble with the fellows I had to leave behind at Tampa than with the ones we took to Cuba."

Which is the correct view of him? Is it in the almost forgotten bitterness and hatred of 1912 and again of 1916? Is it in the jeering allusions which occasionally are made by some of the smart



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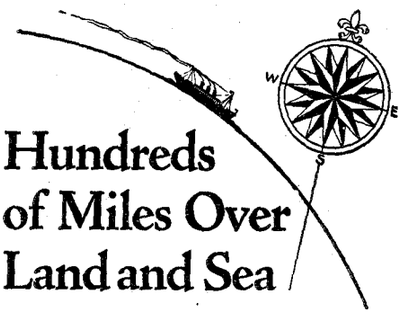

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Roosevelt and the Old Guard. By J. Hampton Moore, President of the National Republican League, 1902–06. The Macrae-Smith Company, Philadelphia. $4.

Roosevelt and the Russo-Japanese War. By Tyler Dennett. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $3.50.

Letters from Theodore Roosevelt to Anna Roosevelt Cowles, 1870–1918. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Selections from the Correspondence of Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge, 1884–1918. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $10.

Released for Publication: Some Inside Political History of Theodore Roosevelt and his Times, 1898–1918. By Oscar King Davis, Formerly Washington Correspondent of the New York Times. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

The Letters of Archie Butt, Personal Aide to President Roosevelt. Edited, with a Biographical Sketch of the Author, by Lawrence F. Abbott. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $5.

Roosevelt As We Knew Him. The Personal Recollections of One Hundred and Fifty of his Friends and Associates. By Frederick S. Wood. Preface by Calvin Coolidge. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. $3.50.

The Works of Theodore Roosevelt. National Edition. 20 vols. (Containing all that Roosevelt wrote, and all that was in the limited and expensive Memorial Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $31.

James Bryce. By the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher. 2 vols. The Macmillan Company, New York. $8.

Fiction

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS. By Struthers Burt. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

Those great open spaces out where the West begins and men are men, et cetera, have lately been the subject of much humor and many jests, but the Wyoming mountains which are the main setting for this novel are solemn mountains. The author's description of this country and of the ever-changing ranch life is finer and far more romantic than the practiced erotics of his characters.

Stephen Londreth, scion of an old Philadelphia family, has thrown aside the conventional family shackles, and is a successful rancher when the story opens. In New York, on a visit to his friend Vizatelly, he meets, loves, and marries Mercedes Garcia, of the "Escapades" theatrical production. Mercedes is not the kind of chorus girl who engages in nude orgies. She loves Joseph Conrad, and animals, and is seldom happier than when spending an afternoon at the Bronx Zoo.

The struggle for adjustment in marriage between these two people so different in temperament, birth, and training, carries them far apart. Stephen goes to Europe and Mercedes back to Broadway. In the end they patch things up and return to the healing of their truly delectable mountains. The characters are minutely analyzed. Written with studied care, this book, though not a great novel, is a good one.

AND THE GARDEN WAITED. By Jacques Rutherford and Jeanne de Lavigne. Harold Vinal, New York. $2.

Romance, sweet and a bit cloying, with interspersed liveliness as antidote. A girl novelist, a wounded hero, and "the mellowing influence of a Southern moon and the fragrance of jasmine and magnolia" are among the attractions. The publisher has clothed the book charmingly.

THE GIANT OF OLDBORNE. By John Owen. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

A genuinely moving presentation of the pathetic situation of a young giant—a lumbering, shambling, weakly specimen of humanity, yet sensitive, kind-hearted, and faithful. Hooted by boys and tricked by a heartless girl, he enters circus life with aversion, to help his mother and later to help the woman who had deceived him when she was left a widow with a little child. The author has carried out this novel theme with delicate literary art and incidentally gives us pictures of English country life and people.

THE HAPPY TREE. By Rosalind Murray. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.50.

There are charm, distinction, and strong emotional appeal in this quiet but moving story, reminiscently related by the woman most concerned as she attains her fortieth year. The characters are few, but one lives with them as friends. The events are simple, but the book is never dull, never drags. It is sad, often, but it leaves behind it more nearly the feeling of grave satisfaction with which one concludes a serious poem than that depressing sense of futility which follows the reading of much of the tragic fiction of the day.

HARANGUE. By Garet Garrett. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Mr. Garet Garrett has given to his brilliantly executed study of a group of radicals, differing widely in their moral and intellectual caliber, a title which both plays fair with the reader in its suggestion of abundant theory and discussion, and indicates ironically the thing which so often plays the mischief with perfectly good minds belonging to too responsive listeners. But this is no long-winded book of talk and puppets; its unusual characters live and grow and behave characteristically in unusual situations.

Sociology

THE AMERICAN RACE PROBLEM: A Study of the Negro. By Edward Byron Reuter. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.75.

The writer is a Southerner by birth, Professor of Sociology in Iowa University, and tries his best to infuse some interest into a lot of statistics concerning the colored people of our country. He is fair to whites and blacks in stating things as they appear on the surface and as they change their places under pitiless figures. The flocking of Negroes to the great cities, the birth and mortality rates in towns and on the land, miscegenation and cross-breeds, crimes of the Negroes and crimes against them, racial prejudice and antipathy—these are some of the topics the painstaking professor discusses. If the Negro suggests the anthropoids by cranial massiveness, prognathism, receding forehead, arm length, and slight development of the lower body, the white man is apelike in his hairi-

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ness, while the full, red, everted lips and woolly hair of the Negro set him still further apart from the apes. Slavery in Africa broke up traditions among the blacks, but when Negroes of differing stocks and tongues were sold into America the break with their former lives was absolute; they lost all traditions and acquired a new language. Evidently this observer sees little in the music, art, and folk-lore of American Negroes to recall Africa. Forced to monogamy, and given Christian rules as the duty of the whole world, the Negroes have modified the wishes of their superiors in many ways. Education is still very defective and small advance has been made in the professions, and, when made, the only clients are Negroes. After all the statistics, Professor Reuter leaves us about where we were—confronting a seemingly insoluble problem.

Politics and Government

FRANCE. By Sisley Huddleston. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5.

At its best this book is very good indeed; there are pages, chapters even, that smack of the authentic philosophy. At its worst it is very mediocre journalese. For the most part it is superior journalese. Mr. Huddleston has grown old in the unremitting practice of journalism, with the result that a fine intellect is jaded and a respectable literary talent has become somewhat "subdued to what it worked in." Moreover, he has been associated with publications of "The New Statesman" type, and belongs in that galley; which implies a sort of political and intellectual pharisaism. Yet, despite the defects suggested, the book has notable merits. It supplies the reader with a very considerable body of accurate information concerning France of to-day, a large part obtained by personal contacts. The historical background is sketched in sufficiently and now and then brilliantly

History

VROUW KNICKERBOCKER: The Romance of the Building of Brooklyn. By Maude Stewart Welch. Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia. $2.50.

A cheerful sketch of the city of churches, old and new, that ought to interest the inhabitants of that mighty bedroom. It covers much of the present-day aspect of the big borough and is blithely written.

Biography

YOUNG IN THE NINETIES. By Una Hunt. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

An agreeable little volume of recollections by a woman who when she was young in the nineties was more than ordinarily intelligent and observing as well as introspective. She knew some people of public importance, but she does not, like so many writers of reminiscences, play them up for all and more than they are worth; their presence is rather felt than paraded. Though the book is genuine autobiography, Miss Hunt employs imaginary names and other devices of concealment for greater freedom. It will be most enjoyed by those whose youth coincided with the author's. They will also be most surprised to find the hero of the famous novel which so seized upon her imagination at fifteen transformed from a British *son* to a Scandinavian *sen:* "Peter Ibbetsen" sounds less like Du Maurier than perfectly good Ibsen.

AS IT WAS. By H. T. Harper & Brothers, New York.

If Edward Thomas, English poet, were alive to-day, this book might never have been conceived. He died during the war, when English-speaking countries were recognizing the unusual quality of his verse. Perhaps to perpetuate his memory or that of their beautiful love, his wife has written a truly remarkable revelation, which tells of love-life as it ought to be rather than

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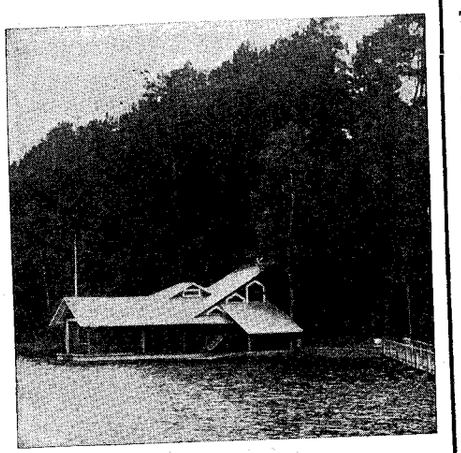

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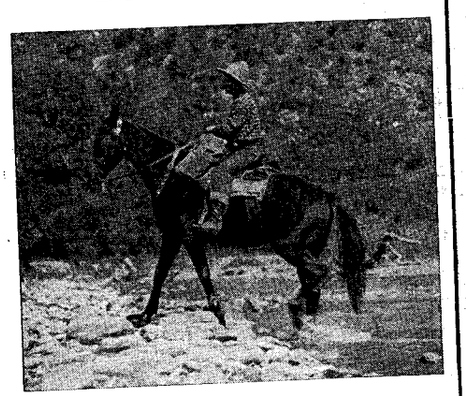

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BEHIND THE SCENES WITH A NEWSPAPER MAN: Fifty Years in the Life of an Editor. By E. J. Stackpole. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $5.

Mr. Stackpole writes from the editorial chair of the Harrisburg "Telegraph," and the major part of his book is a survey of Pennsylvania politics from 1881 to date. It is written from a standpoint of profound satisfaction with all that has occurred in that period. To Mr. Stackpole, Quay and Penrose are "leaders" to be proud of. If he ever spent any time "behind the scenes," he saw less than was plainly to be observed in front of them.

Business

THIS AMERICAN ASCENDENCY. By Glen Buck. A. Kroch & Co., Chicago.

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Humor

THE YOUNGER MARRIED SET. By George S. Chappell. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.75.

This one is worth getting. Mr. Chappell's exposé of the private lives and public goings on of his fellow Westchester commuters is somewhat more restrained than the exploits of Captain Traprock, but it is a dull dog indeed who will not be surprised into a few satisfying chuckles at the Gymkana, the movie party, the tennis tournament, and other suburban confessions of this prominent Yale man and architect. Then there are Gluyas Williams's illustrations. The fellow has a rude habit of stealing the show from those authors ingenuous enough to let him illustrate their books, and Mr. Chappell has to work hard to be as funny as the pictures. He does it, without burlesque satire like Donald Ogden Stewart, or going nutty like Frank Sullivan—in fact, the general effect is more what the English text-books call humor, which is supplanting kicks and custard pies with quaint conceits. A thought keeps creeping in that in another age and in quieter times George Chappell might be writing books like Miss Mitford of "Our Village." But this is madness. A single objection might be that the publishers have tried to make the book look too much like "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." It might very properly have been made to look like itself.

Travel

WHAT ABOUT NORTH AFRICA? TRAVEL IN MOROCCO, ALGERIA, AND TUNISIA. By Hamish McLaurin. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

This is an every-day traveler's tale that will interest every-day travelers. It is not overloaded with history, but takes one on pleasant journeys to a land only recently made convenient. We learn much of what the French have done under their various "occupations." There is plenty of the colorful in the volume, and it stimulates the *Wanderlust*.

A GRIFFIN IN CHINA: Facts and Legend in the Everyday Life of the Great Republic. By Genevieve Wimsatt. The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. $3.

"Griffin" is the popular name for a newcomer to the Far East. The book is written for his behoof; an "effort to answer some of the more patent questions that bubble up in the mind of a person who confronts for the first time the mere outward aspect of China, its temples and palaces, its architecture and art, its antipodean mannerisms and gestures." It is probable that the average Griffin will find the volume mildly edifying and entertaining. To us the final impression is one of calculated superficiality and excessive sprightliness.

Errata

In the Book Table for March 23 two volumes were credited to the wrong publishers. "Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat to His President" should have been credited to A. & C. Boni, New York, and "Best Sermons, 1926" should have been credited to Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Books Received

GUIDANCE OF CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH. Compiled by Child Study Association of America. The Macmillan Company, New York.

SAINT FRANCIS, THE LITTLE POOR MAN OF ASSISI. By James O. Dobson. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.50.

COMING WORLD CHANGES. By Harriette Augusta Curtiss and F. Homer Curtiss. The Curtiss Philosophic Book Company, Washington, D. C. $1.

HOMILIES AND RECREATIONS. By John Buchan. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

SURPRISING THE FAMILY AND OTHER PERADVENTURES. By Frances Lester Warner. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.75.

WILLOBIE HIS AVISA. With a Critical Essay by G. B. Harrison. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

NEW SCHOOLS FOR OLDER STUDENTS. By Nathaniel Peffer. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

THE CHRISTMAS REINDEER. By Thornton W. Burgess. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

TOM KEENAN. By Neason Jones. The Knickerbocker Press, New Rochelle, N. Y. $1.25.

BECKY LANDERS. By Constance Lindsay Skinner. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

THE ARROW OF LIGHTNING. By Beatrice Ravenel. Harold Vinal, New York. $1.50.

SONGS OF THE HELDERHILLS. By W. W. Christman. Harold Vinal, New York. $1.50.

FINDING THE RIGHT TEACHING POSITION. By Harlan C. Hines. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

WILD BIRDS IN CITY PARKS. By Herbert Eugene Walter and Alice Hall Walter. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

MYSTERY, AND OTHER POEMS. By Martha A. Bcughton. Harold Vinal, New York. $1.50.

A HISTORY OF HAWAII. By Ralph S. Kuykendall. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

JUNIOR OFFICE PRACTICE. By Mary F. Cahill. The Macmillan Company, New York.

THE PATHWAY TO REALITY. By Viscount Haldane. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

FOOD COSTS AND CITY CONSUMERS. By Charles E. Artman. The Columbia University Press, New York. $2.25.

MAKING AMERICA SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY. By B. V. Hubbard. The Chicago Legal News Company.

THE CITY OF JOY. By Arthur Wentworth Hewitt. The Tuttle Company, Rutland, Vt.

SARDONYX. By Danford Barney. Harold Vinal, New York. $1.50.

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN, SIR JAMES MACKENZIE. By R. Macnair Wilson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

LAD: A DOG. By Albert Payson Terhune. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

A NATION PLAN. A Basis for Co-ordinated Physical Development of the United States of America. By Cyrus Kehr. The Oxford University Press, New York. $5.

SUNSET HILL. By Kathleen Mary Abbott. Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia. $2.

BOUNTY OF EARTH. By Donald Culross Peattie and Louise Redfield Peattie. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE SOCIAL ORDER. By Joseph A. Leighton. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.50.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF BELIEF. By the Rt. Rev. Charles Gore. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.75.

STORIES OLDER AND NEWER. By Abigail O. Sheriff. Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia. $1.50.

LIVY—IV. The Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

IMPERIALISM AND WORLD POLITICS. By Parker Thomas Moon. The Macmillan Company, New York.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY. By Eusebius. The Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

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The Outlook March 30, 1927

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Resorts

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To Europe, Egypt, Palestine, Around the World. Comfortable travel, moderate prices, abundant sightseeing, fine leadership.
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Fascinating itinerary, moderate price, limited party under leadership of a successful conductor who knows Europe and understands human nature.
Around the World Tour, mainly by land. Not a cruise. Starting October. Led by same conductor. Write for literature.
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For other Classified Advertisements see the next page

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EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

INSTITUTIONAL executives, social workers, secretaries, dietitians, cafeteria managers, governesses, companions, mothers' helpers, housekeepers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

SITUATIONS WANTED

CHURCH in East that needs assistance in work, pastor's assistant, director of religious education, or financial secretary. Woman of middle age with training and experience. 7,616, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate (now law student) with business experience wishes summer position as tutor, companion, or secretary; either abroad or here. H. C. Rose, 24 Prescott St., Cambridge, Mass.

COMPANION, chaperon, native French woman, speaks English. Will travel. References. 7,594, Outlook.

COMPANION-secretary, cultivated, efficient, under 35. Will travel. 7,619, Outlook.

COMPANION-secretary or governess. Foreign travel for summer. Graduate university and business college. 7 years' teaching experience, 3 secretarial. References. 7,604, Outlook.

COUPLE, young, healthful, seek position as managing housekeeper and chauffeur, general assistant. Capable of caring for home in owner's absence. 7,617, Outlook.

HARVARD LAW student, minister's son, *desires position as tutor or companion for* summer. Willing to travel. Best references. 7,612, Outlook.

MANAGER-housekeeper, assistant, age 30, domestic understands care children, servants, drives car, wishes position and responsibility. Country preferred. Outlook.

MINISTER of wide experience, leader successful union church, desires pastorate offering special opportunity for constructive spiritual service. First-class references. Minimum salary $4,000. 7,592, Outlook.

PERSONAL executive, college graduate, 40, teacher with technical laboratory and sales experience, desires new connection. Now employed. Good personality, reliable. Large family. Best references. 7,561, Outlook.

PRIMARY teacher desires summer position as governess, mother's helper, companion. 7,620, *Outlook.*

REFINED, educated, Parisian woman, speaking English, would accompany person or persons traveling in France in July and August. Address Madame Guth, 5 Quai Malaquais, Paris, France. Reference: French Department, Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio.

RELIABLE, gentlewoman, housekeeper-companion or care motherless children. "Dietetics." Box 140, Greenwich, Conn.

RESPONSIBLE woman, education and breeding, housekeeper, companion, pleasant home. References. 7,609, Outlook.

STATE park superintendent desires permanent position, caretaker private estate. Thirty-five, married, no children. Best references. 7,607, Outlook.

TEACHER in private school in South is *interested in camp position for* summer. Tutoring grade subjects or office work preferred. 7,610, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

American Prof... training, ... management, ... THAY... UNIVERSIT... as tutor during su... 7,611, Outlook.

WIDOW, *forty-one*, traveled, at present teach... sition in any capacity in ... the summer and possibly perm... Outlook.

YOUNG woman desires summ... as secretary, companion, or tutor; ... Teacher of special classes and ... locu... Miss A. Wright, 15 Lansing Ave., Troy, N. ...

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

NEW England country home with careful moral and spiritual training offered for little girl. $85 monthly. 7,608, Outlook.

By the Way

BELIEVE it or not, we saw a patron of one of the mammoth new movie palaces in New York City walk up to a large plate-glass mirror in the lobby and ask of his own image, "Which is the way out of this place?"

After the opening of a new radio station in Asheville, North Carolina, a telephone call was received from a Blue Ridge mountaineer, who said: "The program is coming in fine! I'm using my copper still as an aerial."

A new parlor trick: Take paper, pencil, and a telephone book. Ask the victim to select four figures, ciphers excluded, and to arrange them graduated as to size from the left, as, say, 9531. Then ask him to reverse the figures and subtract. Taking 1359 from 9531 leaves 8172. Then ask him to reverse these figures and add. Thus, 2718 plus 8172 gives 10890. From this total the last figure is crossed out, giving 1089. Then tell him to turn to that page of the telephone directory which corresponds to the last two figures in his total (89) and take the name corresponding with the first two figures (tenth name from the top). You then tell him the exact name that he has picked. You do this by the simple process of memorizing in advance the tenth name on the 89th page of the telephone book because the computation will always work out to the same name.

From the Lancashire "Daily Post:"

Teacher: "Robert, here is an example in subtraction. Seven boys went down to the creek to bathe, but two of them had been told not to go in the water. Now, can you inform me how many went in?"

Robert: "Yes'm; seven."

Little Boy: "Mother, who put the statue under the kitchen sink?"

Mother: "Shush, sonny, be quiet. That's the plumber."

The traveling Outlooker recently met a gentleman from Nova Scotia of Scotch descent who proudly proclaimed that by careful whetting he had made one razor blade endure for nine months. Reporting this exploit to a Norway, Maine, Yankee, he retorted that he had one blade in active service after a year's toil on his sandy jaws. Next!

Sir Charles Ballance at the inaugural meeting of the Society of British Neurological Surgeons is reported to have said: "I look forward to a future when a window in the skull will be made by the surgeon with a like gentleness, precision, and ease that a pane of glass is fashioned by the glazier by means of a diamond." This remark led to the following lyrical outburst by "Lucio" in the Manchester "Guardian:"

Some talk television, some trifle with Freud;
Such pryings and peerings they make me annoyed;
At windows in heads I am simply aghast—
Is privacy wholly a thing of the past?

I may be old-fashioned and stupid and dull,
But I don't want a window knocked into my skull,
And if one were added I think you would find
A man of refinement would pull down the blind.

No matter how swiftly and painlessly done
I won't have this "tenant's improvement" begun;
No—be it a dormer, a lattice, or bay,
I won't have a window whatever they say!

What, have my top story and all its affairs
Arranged so that any outsider who cares
Is free to peep in through my crystallized dome
And note whether all of the chairs are at home?

Away with such notions! No surgeon I'll fee
To open so magic a casement on me,
Lest wags in my window this notice should set:
"WITH VACANT POSSESSION: THIS ATTIC TO LET."

In contradiction to the newspaper reports of the "suicide wave," the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has issued a report which states that the trend of suicides among young people has been steadily downward since 1911.

A post office is defined by a Scotchman as "a place to fill my fountain pen."

From "Life:"

Mrs. Grebb: "And what do your boys work at, Mrs. Grubb?"

Mrs. Grubb: "One is a cook in a drug-store, and the other is a bartender in a lunch-room."

The United States Department of Entomology report which states that bees make no more than thirty or thirty-five trips from the hive in a lifetime has demolished the "busy-bee" fable. It is disclosed that the bee spends much of his time resting in the hive. Some of us can now truly claim to be "busy as a bee."

Author: "What do you think of my story? Give me your honest opinion."

Editor: "It's not worth anything."

Author: "I know; but tell me, anyway."

A resident of New Mexico writes us: "No State can have all advantages. New Mexico, noted for her healthful climate and her many interesting features, is now being chaffed in the following good-natured gibe which is going the rounds: 'New Mexico the land with the most rivers and the least water, the least rainfall and the most mud, the most cows and the least milk, and where you can see the farthest and see the least of any State in the Union.'"

Engineer: "And poor Harry was killed by a revolving crane."

Englishwoman: "My word! What fierce birds you have in America."

Do you agree with Subscriber Samuel Eddy? You will need to substitute five words of five letters each to read his comment. Each word contains the same letters. He apologizes for the metrical defects.

Your anagrams make me the —— bi
weary,
And I grow —— as I think them out,
While on my —— with many a query
Are writ the —— of my mental bout.
I even —— from hours of slumber
Time to shift and twist those letters
Till my brain, growing ever number,
Yields at last to dreamland's fetters.

Answer to last week's anagram: "Dies "tides," "edits," and "diets."

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"Twenty Questions" on General Information

Answered in this issue of The Outlook

1. What insect transmits yellow fever?
2. What is the boiling point of water at sea-level?
3. Did "bootlegging" as a business come into existence before or after the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment?
4. What is catgut made from?
5. What new element in surgical practice saved more lives in the last thirty-five years of the nineteenth century than were lost through war in all the eighteenth century?
6. With what university is the Arnold Arboretum connected?
7. Under which President was the setting aside of public lands as National Forests begun?
8. Besides the Yangtze, what is China's other great river?
9. In what State is the Ware River?
10. Has the United States a commercial treaty with Mexico?
11. On what river is Nanking located?
12. Which Government in Nicaragua does the United States recognize, that of Diaz or that of Sacasa?
13. What are the "home waters" of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, the University of Washington, the University of Pennsylvania, Princeton, Cornell?
14. About how much is a Chinese yuan worth in American money?
15. Where is Washington University?
16. From what country was James Bryce Ambassador to the United States?
17. Who is "the Labrador Doctor"?
18. To the people of what other nation is a good deal of the credit due for the success of the Nationalists of China?
19. Of what University is Frank Goodnow the President?
20. What is the name of the present Ambassador from the United States to Great Britain?

(Score 5 for each correct answer.)

Answers to these questions can be found in the pages of this issue of The Outlook as follows:

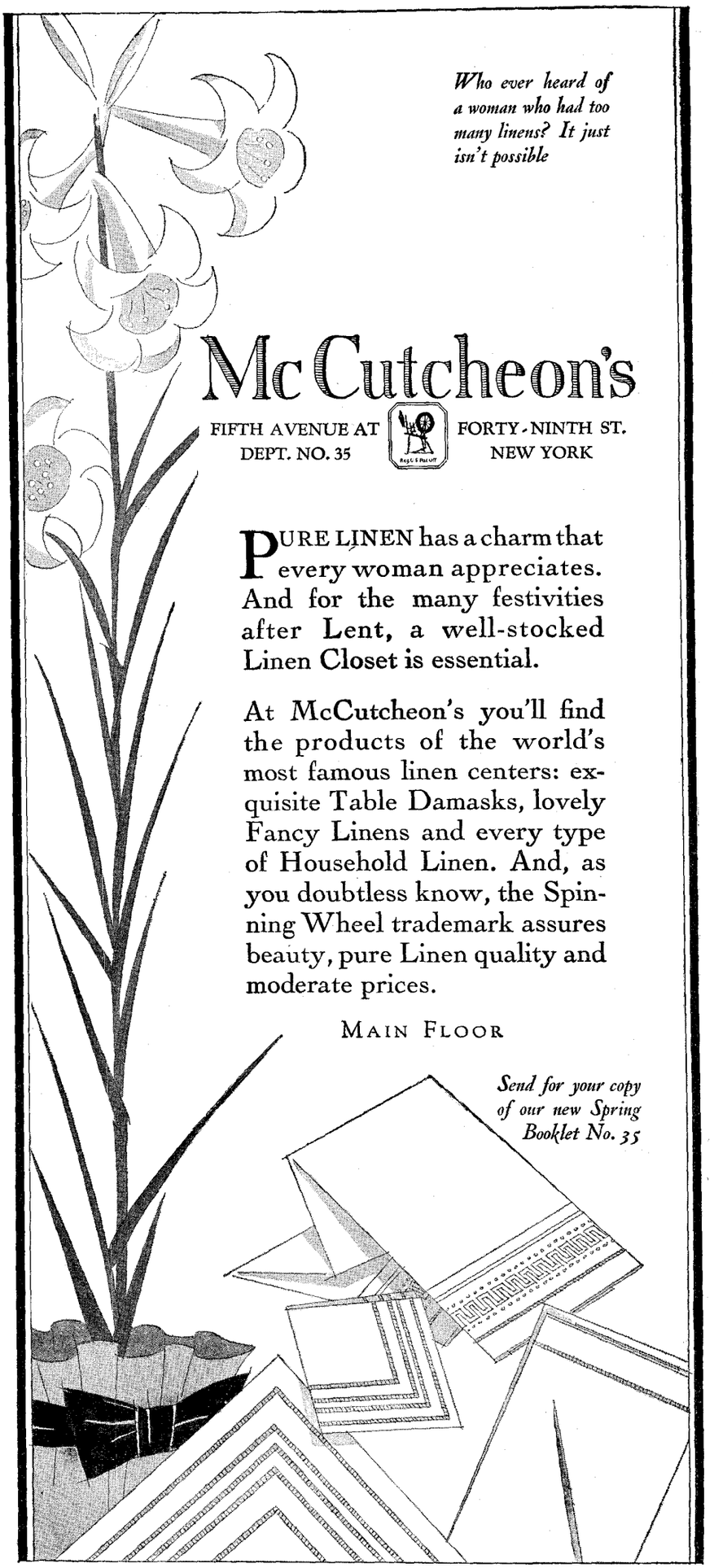
To 1, on p. 424; to 2, on p. 421; to 3, on p. 420; to 4, on p. 424; to 5, on p. 422; to 6, on p. 421; to 7, on p. 422; to 8, on p. 425; to 9, on p. 422; to 10, on p. 427; to 11, on p. 426; to 12, on p. 426; to 13, on pp. 429–431; to 14, on p. 433; to 15, on p. 433; to 16, on p. 428; to 17, on p. 445; to 18, on p. 434; to 19, on p. 428; to 20, on p. 428.

Contributors' Gallery

HERBERT REED is known to many readers interested in outdoor sports under the name of "Right Wing." For some time he covered sporting news for the New York "Evening Post," and later for the New York "American."

ADACHI KINNOSUKE has frequently demonstrated in our columns his knowledge of his own country, Japan. In this issue he contributes an interesting sidelight on the situation in China, a country which he also knows well through extensive travels there.

HUGH RUSSELL FRASER has been a journalist in Washington and New York for the past six years. The Bible verse which is referred to in Mr. Fraser's article by a coincidence is quoted in full in By the Way.


Who ever heard of a woman who had too many linens? It just isn't possible
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